



MRS. R. W. DUNDAS

Photo by Dora Head

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THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL
OF THE
INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR
PSYCHIC INVESTIGATION

EDITOR - MRS. HEWAT MCKENZIE

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VOL. XVIII

APRIL, 1939

No. I

CONTENTS

| | | | |
|--|-----------|----------------------|----|
| FRONTISPIECE | - - - - - | Mrs. R. W. Dundas | |
| EDITORIAL | - - - - - | | I |
| DREAMS | - - - - - | | 4 |
| | | Mde. Julia Dragoumis | |
| A TRANCE EXPERIENCE IN TIBET | - - - - - | | 20 |
| | | By the Editor | |
| FIRE WALKING IN BULGARIA (Illustrated) | - - - - - | | 24 |
| | | Dr. Karlo Marchesi | |
| MEDIUMISTIC PHENOMENA (Trance Address) | - - - - - | | 25 |
| | | Colin Evans | |
| FACES ON THE WALL (Illustrated) | - - - - - | | 35 |
| | | Mrs. Hewat McKenzie | |
| DREAMS AND DREAMING | - - - - - | | 43 |
| | | Capt. Herbert Bland | |
| VISIONS OF THE DAWN | - - - - - | | 46 |
| | | A. S. | |

NOTES BY THE WAY.

BOOK REVIEWS.

INSTITUTE ACTIVITIES.

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**THE JOURNAL OF
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VOL. XVIII

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No. 1

EDITORIAL NOTES

This first issue of Vol. XVIII of PSYCHIC SCIENCE appears under the auspices of the International Institute for Psychic Investigation. The society which was formed in December, 1938, by the amalgamation of the former International Institute for Psychical Investigation and the former British College of Psychic Science is now well established at its headquarters at Walton House. It has not been an easy three months for the workers concerned since the change-over took place. The alterations, the adaptations, the adjustments were many, and if now these are mostly happily settled it is largely owing to the valiant and generous assistance of Mrs. R. W. Dundas, the Chairman of the new Institute Council, and to her band of helpers.

* * *

Mrs. Dundas, a charming portrait of whom, by Dora Head, we present to our readers, has up to the present chosen to hide the work that she has been doing for psychic science for a considerable period under a bushel. But for her there might have been no Walton House, so excellently suited for the work of the Institute. But now with the amalgamation in being, and the increased calls of the work, her anonymity must cease, for upon her shoulders, as one of the officers of the Council, much of the responsibility of the new work must fall. This she is fully capable of bearing, and with the burden as it must be, will come increasing knowledge and wisdom which leaders in such pioneer work gain by actual experience.

* * *

From a child Mrs. Dundas has known something of these matters. Her childhood was spent in a house reported to be haunted and she was constantly conscious of mysterious sensations though no explanations were forthcoming. She feels

that she must have been a trying person to bring up by reason of this sensitivity.

In 1930, after the death of her husband, she became seriously interested. This interest had been aroused by a message given to her in public from the platform of the Queen's Hall, and from that time the scientific investigation of these matters became important to her. She began to seek to prove these things, securing knowledge wherever available, and freely acknowledges the excellent evidence she received from many types of mediums in these early days. She had, at this stage, a bias against survival, and vigorously questioned the evidence offered and adopted her own methods of research. She also sought to reawaken in herself the early sensitivity, undertook psychic development, and found that in Psychometry and Experimental Telepathy she secured verifiable results. Then began sittings with a friend, using the Additor for the reception of messages and seeking to develop voice phenomena. This has been continued with the greatest patience and it is through this effort that she has gained full assurance of the manifestation of a surviving personality. She was a member of the British College while Mrs. de Crespigny was Hon. Principal, and when the I.I.P.R. was started she found herself in full sympathy with its policy and threw herself whole-heartedly into its furtherance, seeing in its declared methods a half-way house between those sponsored by previous Psychic Researchers and Spiritualists.

So our Chairman comes with a wealth of personal experience to undertake her new voluntary duties. She feels that the evidence and the phenomena must be able to stand full square to the world if it is to carry weight, and for this attitude the Institute stands. Those who are already convinced of survival must become the keenest of researchers and those who hold a different view must continue to seek for the most adequate explanation of the evidence. When both groups work loyally together and refuse to consider themselves in antagonism then we may see some real progress.

All members will seek to give Mrs. Dundas their most loyal support in a very difficult task, and express to her their gratitude, not only for her outstanding generosity, but for the resolute strength of character which she brings to her task.

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Having occasion recently to examine many of the correspondence files at the British College I was impressed with the great volume of work that had been accomplished since its inception in 1920, the many difficulties it had faced and conquered, the many enterprises in which it had led or shared with other societies and the many famous persons who under its roof at Holland Park or at Queen's Gate, had sought and often found evidence of psychic facts which had changed their outlook on life. The most intimate human stories came to light, long forgotten and belonging only to those who, under the weight of the evidence received through mediumship, had made them known to the leaders.

Among the corresponding members was the name of the fine Irish poet, William Butler Yeats, who passed in January last, and who never hid his deep interest in psychic knowledge. In his periodical visits to London he made many opportunities for investigation, and with Mrs. Blanche Cooper, the voice medium at the College, had excellent results. He was impressed by the knowledge that his communicator, whom he accepted as his father, showed in all that he was doing, even giving the ideas and outlines of plays on which he was engaged. Curiously, Geraldine Cummins in a letter to *Psychic News*, mentions a similar experience on one occasion when he had a sitting with her. The plot of a new play which he was then writing was unfolded by her guide and accepted by Yeats. Miss Cummins remarks: "Mr. Yeats had a remarkable influence on a séance, and undoubtedly had a great capacity for conveying thought to the control." His own view on the Blanche Cooper sittings was that it was his father who possessed the knowledge and conveyed it.

When failing health overtook him one of his last verses expressed his deepest thoughts about the passing years and the persisting underlying life to which he looked forward.

"An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter on its mortal dress."

* * *

DREAMS

BY JULIA DRAGOUMIS

[The record of Dreams and the study of Dream states is of perennial interest to psychic students, and the following group, which I am allowed to use by the kindness of Mrs. Bridges, a member of the Council of the I.I.P.I., seem to present many points of interest. They were recorded as they were received by the dreamer, Mde. Dragoumis, who later translated them into English for a friend. They form a series in which the same person appeared from time to time, as if with conscious intent; when he had achieved his purpose the dreams ceased and he appeared no more, as we have seen happen in mediumistic communications. I am obliged to Mrs. Bridges and to her friend, who knew Mde. Dragoumis personally, for allowing the use of these for our instruction. All the persons concerned have now passed on.—Ed.]

I once had, about 36 years ago, a very dear friend called D . . . P . . . who is now dead. She had lived some time in Switzerland, and she told me all the story of her meeting there a young man, called Raoul D . . . , whom she loved very much. She told me that he seemed deeply interested in her, and they had long and friendly conversations together, but that to her great disappointment he never said a word of love. He was very keen on agriculture, and after some time he left Switzerland for some part in America. Some years afterwards he returned in a state of advanced consumption, and died soon after in his father's house in Geneva.

I personally never knew this man or where he lived or anything about him. All I knew about him was from D . . . P . . . This series of dreams I had during the year 1900. I must add that all the details I mention, such as names, addresses he gave, names of plants, and names of places and mountains were all verified as quite exact. [This foreword was written by J.D. in 1932.—Ed.]

DREAM NO. I.

Night of the 15th-16th December, 1899—Athens.

I found myself in Liverpool in my father's house in Prince's Park, and among the many visitors who were there in the drawing-room I saw Raoul D. standing near the door of the green-house. I did not hesitate a minute to recognize him from the various photographs which I had seen of him, and was not at all astonished to find him there. I approached him, and without speaking we went out into the garden, passing through the green-house. Once there he looked at me straight in the face with a look of reproach.

"I thought," he said, "that you would be more careful of her. Do you know that she has been crying because of you?" and his voice became hard; it seemed to me that no reproach had ever hurt me so much.

"I know it," I answered, "but she has forgiven me, and I shall not do it again."

"As little children say, then," he said in a gentler voice.

"Yes, as little children say, but with the difference," I answered, "that they only speak for the present, whereas I shall keep my promise, I swear it."

"You must know," he said, "that in all my life I have always believed in acts more than in words. We shall see now if you keep your word, and in any case I swear to you that I shall *always* know it."

And that was all.

DREAM NO. 2.

Night of the 13th-14th of February, 1900—Athens.

It seemed to me that I had arrived from a long railway journey and that I was walking alone in the streets of Geneva. It was raining, and I felt tired and sad. After a time I reached a long road planted with trees and following the lake. An old woman dressed in black, whose head and shoulders were covered by a shawl drenched by the rain, was waiting for me. I knew that I was looking for someone, and I approached her, convinced that she would be able to give me news.

"Where is he?" I asked at once. "I was sure I should find him."

"You are too impatient," she answered. "You want all together. It has already been very difficult for him to come, and he was only able to stay a short time. If you really want to attain your object you must return again and again, and not let yourself get weary."

And saying that, she disappeared and I awoke.

DREAM NO. 3.

Night of the 22nd-23rd February, 1900—Athens.

I was walking in the Rue Kiphissia and it was a day of carnival, for the streets were full of masked people, and many of them were throwing confetti. Soon it seemed to me that the greater part of the people were following, screaming and laughing at me, and I couldn't think what was behind all the masks. In University Street, between Yannaki and another shop, two hills had been built of stone with a narrow space between them. They were higher than the houses. The masked crowd was constantly following me, coming from all the little side streets and circling round me and screaming louder and louder. I knew now that on no account did I want them to unmask their faces. I began to climb one of the hills, but the smaller stones slipped under my feet and it was

very difficult to climb. When I was nearly at the top I saw someone stretching out a hand to help me. I seized it with pleasure, and then I saw it was that of an old woman dressed in black, with her head and shoulders covered with a shawl. I recognized her at once. She kept near me at the top of the hill, which was flat, and looked at me with a reproachful air, but without speaking. I was trying to think of how to get from one hill to the other. I thought if I could find a stone large enough to sit on I might go down the one side and up the other. I was looking for a stone large and flat enough when the woman seized my arm.

"Are you not ashamed," she said, "to lose your time in dreaming such absurdities which are nothing but revivals of the last book you have just read of Haggard, *The People of the Mist*, when you know very well that you are expected in Geneva?" and her voice made me believe that I was really to blame.

"But what can I do?" I asked despairingly. "I ask nothing better than to go there."

"Close your eyes," she said, with an air of authority, "and give me your hand," and when I gave it I felt there was something consoling in her pressure. Then came darkness, and after that I felt cold air on my face, and I saw that I was leaning on the low wall near the lake in Geneva. The woman had disappeared, and it was very nearly twilight. I looked right and left, and almost at once I saw a man advancing quickly towards me. I understood at once by the figure that it was R.D., but he stopped at a certain distance, and I could not distinguish the face very well.

"You have been long," he said in a low voice, "but I thank you for having come." Then I held out my hand to him, saying:

"Yes, I should have come before, but you must forgive me, I was dreaming silly things. My will is not yet strong enough. Keep me here, I beg of you—tell me all you have to tell me."

He smiled. "That is the only reason for which I am here, but you must be patient yet. You will come again and again, and perhaps one day I shall tell you many things, but not yet. It has always been very difficult for me to speak, *always*, and this is already an effort, though I have already often waited for you since you. . . ."

And then I woke up before the end of his sentence.

DREAM NO. 4.

Night of the 12th-13th March, 1900—Athens.

I was walking, towards evening, tired and sad in a narrow street of Geneva, a street which I do not know, with tall old houses. From one distance to another a lantern gave a very feeble light. It seemed to me that I had been walking already for a long time, and I was dragging my leg, which kept hurting me. Suddenly, I saw

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sitting under a doorway a little old man covered almost over his head with an old torn coat. I stopped close to him, and letting fall a fold of the coat which hid his face, he looked at me. I saw that he was very old and nearly blind, but that his face was very gentle.

"What are you doing here?" he asked me, "so far from the lake?"

"I have been looking for it for a long time," I answered, "but I cannot find it."

He laughed. "That is not astonishing," he said, "in the Rue des Chanoines." Then getting up he said: "Come with me."

I followed him and we walked for a long time but without talking. We crossed a bridge, and I saw that on the other side it was still nearly daylight. I said so to my guide, who answered, "Yes, but I am afraid that for all that it will be too late, you loitered too long in the little streets."

At last I saw from far off the long line of trees and the lake on the right. "Here we are," said the little old man. "Go on alone, you don't require me any longer," and he disappeared into one of the streets on the left. My leg was hurting me, and I sat down on the low wall near the lake to wait. I kept peering into the depths of the trees beyond, but I could see nothing, and suddenly I understood that I also had been waited for too long a time, and that now it was too late, and a terrible disappointment came over me.

"Oh, if only he hadn't thought that I didn't want to come," I said to myself, "but it was not my fault that I went first to the Rue des Chanoines," and leaning my head against the trunk of a tree I began to cry, and when I woke up I was still crying.

DREAM NO. 5.

Night of the 1st-2nd April, 1900—Poros.

It was nearly night, and I was alone in a small boat on the lake of Geneva, but quite close to the edge of the lake near the land. I was very cold, and I let go the oars to twist my dress closer round my feet. When I wanted to take up the oars again one was missing. I caught hold of the other one, and with it pushed the boat on shore. Once under the trees I saw at the other end of the road, but not clearly, the figure of a man walking quickly, but in the opposite direction. I ran towards him, but he disappeared. Then it seemed to me that I saw him again in a narrow street that turned from the broad road, but very soon the moon was hidden and I could see nothing. Then I leant my head against the trunk of a tree and nearly began to cry from disappointment. Then I had the feeling that there was someone close to me looking at me, and I thought with a rebound of hope that it was he, R.D., but when I lifted my head I saw by the light of a little lantern which he held, that it was

the poor old man, nearly blind, whom I had already seen in the Rue des Chanoines.

"Once more too late," he said, shaking his head slowly, "and he waited for you for such a long time."

"Oh, it is too hard to bear," I cried. "Is it my fault? What can I do? I don't want to keep coming to have this cruel disappointment every time! What can I do?"

"You come too late," said the old man. "You arrive at the moment you go to sleep; there must be more effort, more will. It is so difficult for him to accomplish—you must help him—try to be here all day, and at night he will be there also."

"I will wait as long as it is necessary."

"It is no use waiting now—you must return—he has already gone."

"Where has he gone?" I asked.

"Rue Beauregard," he answered. "To-morrow you will go there."

And I woke, telling myself that to-morrow I should be there.

DREAM NO. 6.

Night of the 2nd-3rd April, 1900—Poros.

I suddenly found myself leaning against a wall in a street with tall houses. I had so little the sensation of being asleep that it seemed to me, on the contrary, that I had just waked up very pleased to find myself at my destination. Everything was clear and distinct, like in real life, and though the day was approaching its end there was still enough light to distinguish all the surrounding objects. Some passers-by crossed the end of the street, but I did not notice them. I began to walk, and almost at once on the left at a corner of the street I read "Rue Beauregard," and I said to myself, "Ah, that's right, I'm here."

Going on, I happened to notice that my boots were very clean, and I thought that, of course, was because I had been in Poros the previous day, whereas if I had come from Athens they would have been covered with dust. Suddenly I saw before me the same old woman in black whom I had seen before; she had a satisfied smile and said to me:

"Ah, that's right, you have arrived at the right place this time. Go straight on now, No. 8 is a little further on," and then she passed on.

A little lower down I saw a house with No. 8 on it, and I sat down on the steps of the entrance door to wait. While I waited I kept thinking of my interview of yesterday morning with M., and my eyes filled with tears, as I felt so lonely and disappointed.

Someone touched me on the shoulder. I lifted my eyes, and

saw standing straight before me R.D., distinct and real as I had never yet seen him. I jumped up and he grasped both my hands.

"In grief again," he said smiling, and lowering his head to speak to me, "and for such little reasons. You will always be the same, asking from certain natures more than they can give and then deploring the loss of what has never existed! Now that's all over, isn't it? Let me thank you first of all; you came so well to-night, and it was I who was beginning to feel discouraged."

"I thought I was coming to the lake," I said to him, "and nevertheless you have come here, No. 8 Rue Beauregard, to find me at the last place where I lived."

"That's right. Now come with me—come to the lake."

And putting my hand on his arm we continued to walk together. I walked on, my heart full of a joy absolutely and full also of a perfect certitude that no other sorrow in the future could possibly make me despair. From time to time I looked at R. and he seemed wonderfully real and living, dressed in a dark-grey suit and holding a small cane in his hand. He was always conscious of my look, and smiled at me without speaking; once only, when I could hardly see the lake, he said to me, always smiling:

"Yes, I am really here, and I have so many things to say to you about her. This time I know I can speak to you—at last."

In the road by the lake we were alone, and we went to lean on the low wall. It was already getting darker and I could scarcely see the other side of the lake. "How big it seems," I said.

"You think so?" he answered. "To me on the contrary it seems quite small—it is perhaps because I have seen nature on much bigger lines. I remember on the Lake of Huapi the giant cedars which came down to the water—ah, that was great!" Then suddenly he turned and looked me in the face. "How nature persists," he said, "always, even after death, here I am talking to you about journeys at this supreme hour! Is it believable that I still require an effort to speak to you of her . . . and of myself?" Then he continued rapidly: "Have you understood what at last you have succeeded in doing? What an abyss we have crossed? Do you know well who I am, and that I am talking to you, and that you hear me?"

"Yes, and no," I answered, with a sob in my throat. "Help me, explain everything to me; I see you so well—I hold your hand—you are not a shadow, not a ghost?"

"No, no," he cried, "certainly not. I am the essence of what I was in life, the essence which makes us live the real life, which makes us love; the essence which persists, and if in order to enter into more direct communication with you I have put on again this evening what reposes in the cemetery at Genthod, it is not less real for that. Believe me——"

"Yes, yes, I believe you," I answered, "but of her; of D.P., speak to me of her."

He repeated slowly the word D. after me, accentuating the last syllable. "Tell her," he continued, and I felt that all my soul was listening to him, "tell her that all the days, all the long days that I lost in my life, I spend them with her now—that I leave her very rarely—that I am aware of all she says, of all she thinks, except when she closes the door to me by letting her soul and her psychic force dwindle. Tell her that nothing is lost, *nothing, nothing, nothing*, that one must have finished living in order to know how to love after death, as I know how to love now, but for those who have not known how to love even imperfectly during their lifetime, there remains but a very small elementary essence. Tell her above all not to fear, that there is nothing supernatural in this voice from beyond the tomb which reaches by you to her, only an extraordinary happiness in which she *must* believe. Tell her that I forbid her to doubt—yes, that I forbid her—. Tell her also and above all that if she really wishes it I shall often be able to help her and to advise her through you."

"But why," I demanded in anguish, "why can she not see you herself, since it is possible, and since both of you must want it so much?"

He shook his head rather sadly. "She has not your power—do you think it is an ordinary gift? If you knew how I have followed you since I was certain of this power in you, how I have followed its development in you, and how I have hoped."

"But since when have you known me?" I asked once more.

"Naturally ever since you shared her inner life, and though you might still have possessed this power, if you had not loved her as you did, we should have arrived at no result."

It began to get darker and I could not distinguish his features. Then I felt again a great sadness come over me, and a feeling of doubt.

"Oh!" I said to him, "I am going to wake up and this will all be only a dream—oh, tell me, is it really true?"

"It is a pity to doubt," he answered. "Yes, it is really I—*Edmond Raoul Gabriel D.* You see, I tell you all my name, which you did not know; you will see afterwards that it is exact."

"Tell me more," I cried, "tell me more things about you."

"You want proofs? Very well, it is better for her also," he said. "Well, you know where my life ended, since it was from there you came to take me, Rue Beauregard 8. Remember also the day, the 17th of November, 1896. I was only 31 years of age, having been born on the 25th of May, 1865. After that they took me to my father's, No. 4 Rue des Granges, and after two days more to the cemetery of Genthod."

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I was looking at him in despair. "What shall I do to remember?" I asked.

"You will always remember all I tell you—*always*—up to the very smallest details. Your memory will never fail you—be easy, I will see that it is so." Then he showed me a thin little gold chain fastened to his watch, and from which hung a little gold locket which contained a lock of his mother's hair, and on the other side was engraved the letter "D."

"No," he answered, "it is the initial of a name which you must also remember, the name of my mother before her marriage—D——. Now, are all these details enough for you?"

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but I was so afraid of the waking up."

"Yes, poor woman, I understand," he said, very gently. "It makes one's head go round, and I know you better than you know me—and I bless you also, and I thank you again and again. Tell her all and love her always." Then he smiled and his face brightened. "And now I am *very pleased* with you," and it was at these words that I lost him from beside me, and in waking I still heard their echo as if the person who had spoken the words had just left the room.

DREAM NO. 7

Night of the 1st-2nd of May, 1900—Athens.

I found myself going down at night the stairs of our house. I knew that I wanted to go out into the garden, and that I was in a hurry. When I opened the big gate the moon shone on all the garden, and by its light I saw quite clearly R.D. leaning against the wall at the end. He held a half-faded rose in his hand, and as he came to meet me he let it drop.

"I expected you yesterday," he said very simply, "but I knew you could not come, though you felt me there."

"I knew all day long that I would come," I answered, "but it has been an effort—will it be always so?"

"Naturally," he said, "and you ought not to do it too often, it weighs too much on your spirit and your will."

Then he began to walk by my side and we continued to walk up and down the garden for a long time. I saw each flower clearly, and I even noticed that a pot of earth had been upset. In passing before the little window near the front door I also heard Flack (a dog) cry out in his sleep.

"Do you know," I asked, "why I tried so hard to come?"

"Since D. agrees with you I know it," he answered. "I know all that she thinks," and then, as though he were speaking to himself, he added, "and when she doubts of my presence here I should like not to know it."

I felt the desire to console him.

"She will not doubt any more—you'll see. And now tell me all that you can, all that I want so much to hear."

"'All' is much," he said smiling, "but tell me at least by what you want me to commence?"

I hesitated for a moment, and then I said: "Well, since you are here, we can be sure, is it not so, of the soul's eternal life—that we shall survive our bodies?"

"Certainly not," said R., "if you do not prepare your soul to survive. The body of a well constituted child is visible, is it not? Do you think that it would live if you neglected the body? Any soul *can* survive, but how many millions of bodies survive their souls?"

I was almost afraid. "Does it, then, depend entirely on ourselves?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Now listen to me well. All live, but there are degrees of life; by this I want to say that certain existences have more correspondences, or more issues of communication with what surrounds them, than others; the fewer the organization, the fewer correspondences exist. He who wishes to survive must multiply the correspondences—must open issues to his soul. The psychical organization must become so perfect that at a certain point of its development it can add a correspondence that organic death will be incapable of stopping—everything is in that—never to let one's soul die out."

"Oh, I want to understand you well," I said, "and never to forget a word that you say to me."

"I have already told you," he continued, "that you will forget nothing, and there is also much less mystery than many believe; it is all as simple as it is beautiful; you must fear and dread as you would a *fatal* illness (and it often is one for the soul) everything that can degrade or lower your soul, and never let any of its forces weaken."

"Can you," I said after a pause, "can you answer me a very simple question. Are you quite happy now, and can you tell me something about the conditions of this life after death?"

"I am happy certainly," he answered, smiling, "especially since I have been able to communicate with her, but it would be childish to believe in a perfect and complete happiness arriving after life with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning even here. We are constantly advancing, and this is nearly all I can explain to you even now on the conditions of our life. Eternal life does not consist only of always living; that would be so little, but of always learning, and try to grasp this thoroughly, but without ever mingling anything useless into the science. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, now it seems to me that I understand much more quickly than when I am awake."

"It is because I am holding your hand," he said. "It is the very least I can do for you, after all you have done for me."

"Why," I asked him, "did you not come the other evening when I was writing? I assure you, I should not have been afraid."

"You have a wonderful gift," he said, "but the conditions necessary in order that it should be exercised must not be neglected; to be with me your body *must* be sleeping."

All this time we continued to walk from the gate of the garden to the wall which separates us from the neighbouring one, and from time to time I heard a dog barking in the distance.

"I had another question to ask of you," I said, "but I cannot remember what it was—help me if you can."

"I know what it is," he said. "She wants to know why, whilst I was alive, I never said anything to her or let her see anything of my love for her. I knew then that I was condemned to death, but I did not know then that she would have risked anything for me. Nor did I know what I know so well now, that one must accept *everything*, and the more I felt my love for her growing, the more I avoided seeing her."

"But the day will come when you will again be together. Of course it must be so—tell me so."

"If she wishes it always, and if she will wait and prepare her entire development, *yes, it will come.*"

"She wants to know also," I said, but in asking I saw that he would not answer me, "whether she can hope for a little happiness here on this earth, and if she can do nothing to obtain it?"

He turned and looked me in the face without speaking for some moments, then he smiled.

"What do you expect me to say? You have come far enough to know that I cannot give you any answer. You knew it before you asked your question, you knew it almost before you fell asleep. Let the future form itself, and tell her to force herself to *understand* well and to *believe* well all that I tell her through you, and before all that I remain there close to her, and that she will soon see how happy she is above others." Then he grasped both my hands tightly. "Tell her, you who see me, you who touch me, that I am really here, and that what is happening to her now only happens once in many centuries, and that I suffer even here, when I see that she doubts as to my presence. Now leave me—go and rest—this is not sleep and your day has been tiring. We shall meet again—and thank you, *thank you.*"

I remember clearly having left him and having continued the path to the front door. But when towards morning I awoke, it seemed to me that the dream had ended long ago.

DREAM No. 8.

Night of the 13th-14th September, 1900—Poros.

I was approaching Geneva from the side of Montreux, leaving the lake on my left. It was almost night, and I was conscious of having walked a very long time and feeling worn out. "I must arrive; I must arrive before waking." I kept on repeating the phrase, and I knew it was hours already that I had been repeating it. At last I stopped, spread out my hands in order not to fall, and closed my eyes. I was terribly afraid that on opening them I would find myself in my room, and I struggled against the tiredness and the weariness with all my strength. My hands in stretching out had touched iron, and I had grasped too tightly. At last I opened my eyes, and I saw to my great joy that I was still on the path holding on to the rails of a big iron gate behind which I saw many trees, and behind them a huge building or castle. A big, strong man, holding various gardening tools in his hand, was looking at me through the gate.

"Can I come in?" I asked him, feeling suddenly that it would be no use to me to go further.

"At this time?" he said. "No, it is already closed. You must return to-morrow." Then, as he was going away, I signed to him to stop.

"This is not the Parc des eaux vives, is it?" I asked him, though I knew that it could not be, because then the lake would be on my right.

"No," he said, "this is the Parc aux biches."

When I was again alone I found a big stone near the railings, and I sat down to wait. The night became darker, there was no moon, and I scarcely could distinguish the lake. Soon I heard steps coming from the town, and I advanced towards the person who was approaching me, knowing that it could only be R.D. In the darkness I could distinguish nothing, but I spread out my hands and he took them.

"Come," he said in a gentle voice, but a little sad. "You cannot walk alone now—come with me."

I let myself be conducted in silence, and I soon found myself on the lake in a little boat which went on without oars. R. was sitting by my side, but seemed to have forgotten my presence. We went on very quickly, and I began to see lights on the shore. At last he turned round and spoke with a little effort. "Do you remember," he said, "almost the last words that I said to you in your garden? I told you that I suffered even here when I saw that she doubted of my presence, and nevertheless since then she has completely denied it."

"Oh, but think," I interrupted him, "think to what a degree

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she has suffered, how lonely she felt, without help and almost abandoned by all. And you, even you seemed deaf to our appeal. No, it is not possible you should not understand—she has suffered so much."

"And did you hope," he cried, "that I could cause any human suffering to cease? But don't you see that if we possessed such a power the perfect and entire happiness of all our beloved ones would be secured for certain, especially for her, for her above all. But if I can change nothing, I hoped that she would have enough faith so that the bare fact of my presence, even silent, even invisible, even incapable of any material aid, would be sufficient to make her bear all evils in patience, above all having always in the depths of her heart like a valuable jewel that no one can take from her, the *immense* promise of the future that my existence can but prove?"

"Yes," I said, "but if it is precisely of this existence itself. . . ."

" . . . that she cannot believe the reality . . ." he interrupted.

"Yes, naturally, then there remains nothing . . . but why? Why? Must the story of Saint Thomas always be repeated? Must one always see with his eyes and touch with his hand in order to believe? Well, at least you believe, and nevertheless if I were only a dream you might also doubt, as well as she does."

The little boat had already stopped, and R. helped me to get out. Soon we were going down the left pavement of the Rue Mont Blanc going towards the station, and he continued:

"Above all, if I am for her nothing but a dream, but an illusion, she must not attempt to persuade you. Above all, avoid letting yourself be convinced of my non-existence, because then I should soon lose the power of speaking to you."

"But why," I asked him very eagerly, "since as you have already told me you are the real essence which persists, could that cease to be if you were only a creation of my imagination? Your existence cannot depend on my belief in it."

"My existence, certainly not," said he, "but my presence, yes. I have need not only of your call, but of your confidence in me to come to you. The first time you saw me seemed a dream to you, but it prepared your spirit for what was going to follow, and it was only after having waited for me in anguish that you were able to communicate with me."

At this moment we were passing under a lamp-post, and I looked him straight in the eyes.

"Ah," I said to him, "if she only could see you as I see you—only for an instant—is it *absolutely* impossible?"

"As you see me, yes, it is impossible," he said in a sad voice. "Nevertheless I shall try to get a little closer to her and perhaps . . ."

I did not hear the end of his sentence, which he finished in a very low voice.

Arrived at the station he made me sit down in a waiting room, and stood beside me. Many travellers passed and re-passed before us, and never did his presence seem to me so absolutely real. I looked at myself, and saw that I was wearing my black silk blouse and my woollen skirt, and that I held my purse in my hand. Then I began to look at different people, especially at an old woman who was sitting not far from me, but I could not meet her look. It gave me a disagreeable sensation for the first time, and I turned towards R. He looked at me smiling.

"You must resign yourself," he said, "when we are together, to be of the same substance that I am. Besides, you know perfectly that at this time you are sleeping in Poros."

"Yes," I answered, "I know it."

At that moment I thought of the question that I wanted to put to him about the names of the animals, but I did not dare, fearing to hurt him. But while I was hesitating he took out of the pocket of his waistcoat a little blue paper folded in four, and handed it to me. "I am leaving this for this evening," he said, "and this is the information which she wanted you to ask from me. Remind her that she has promised that this will be the last proof she will demand of me."

Then he added, taking my two hands in his, "It is not necessary to tell you love her well. I am satisfied to leave her in these hands," and before leaving them he grasped them tightly, and I felt the force of his pressure. Then he left me, walking very quickly, and I opened the small paper. Here is exactly what I read on it:

Guanaco (Lamas)

"Coming from Patagonia. The female died in 1895; *le male* is living yet."

I folded the paper and slipped it into my glove. Afterwards I remember clearly having leant my head on the bench where I was sitting, and thought, "And now I can wake," and after that, nothing.

DREAM No. 9.

Night of the 8th-9th November, 1900--Athens.

I had gone to sleep very tired, and had not expected to dream of R.D., and so I was rather astonished to find myself sitting beside him at the top of a magnificent hill, leaning against the trunk of a big tree. It was altogether strange scenery for me. We seemed in a vast plain surrounded by wooded heights, and below us were stretched other plains scarcely visible. Above us very high, there were shining glaciers, and very high up two enormous mountain-tops were for certain in the region of eternal snows. I quite forgot

even to speak to R.D. of this splendid panorama. Around us the ground was covered with moss and little wild flowers, and with bushes of big white and purple flowers. The air was the most refreshing and the most invigorating I had ever breathed.

"Well," said R. after a little while, "you don't say anything. Do you find yourself uncomfortable here?"

I turned round and only smiled, understanding that an answer was unnecessary. Then I thought of D. and of the recent death of her father, and that probably R. had made me come to talk to me of her, and give me some message.

"I did not know that I should see you," I said, "and I did not try to come."

"Yes, I know," he said, "but you had need of repose and of the calm of this nature, and to enjoy with all the forces of your soul without being prevented by the fatigue of your body, and that is why I brought you here. You have been often enough in the cold and in the rain for our sake, and that is why I brought you here for your own sake, in the most beautiful spot I have ever known."

"But what about D.?" I said. "You know, of course, that she has lost her father?"

"Naturally," he said smiling. "Is it possible I should not feel the rebounding effect of any emotion which comes to her? But this was not a great grief, and I did not suffer."

"Shall you see her father?" I asked him.

He hesitated for a moment, and then said slowly, "No, I shall not see him."

"That is because you never knew him?" I asked.

"It is principally, because even if I had met him I should never have known him," he answered.

At this moment my eyes fell on a little green branch that I was twisting in my fingers.

"You said just now," I said slowly, "that I was enjoying all this marvellous beauty without being influenced by my body, which is reposing at this moment in my room in Athens, but I beg you to explain to me what are the hands which hold this branch. See, I break it with my nail! Is it an optical illusion, and if so, with what eyes do I see this illusion I cannot understand?"

"No," he said, "you can't understand yet; you will only understand little by little, man being during his life subject to animal nature and only able to understand what he has observed or verified by facts. Besides that he can only guess; nevertheless the day will come when you will see in your spirit, though matter darkens much that is quite clear once you are here, near me."

"For instance, what?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll give you a quite simple example. Give me your hand," and with the other pointing to a distant spot on the horizon,

he asked me : " How do they call that mountain to our left, and that one lower down which we scarcely see ? "

" This one," I answered, rather astonished at the question, " is the Tronador, and further down the Minchinmavida."

" And the highest of all these Andes of Patagonia," he said, " the one that is south of the Minchinmavida ? "

" But it is the Corcovado, of course," I answered.

" Very well," he said, smiling, " and what is the lake whose water one scarcely sees down there in the valley ? "

" It is the Nahuel Huapi."

" Now look round us here," and he put his hand on a big bush near us, whose flowers were white on the topmost branches and of a purplish tint on the lower ones. " Smell it," holding out to me one of the branches which he had cut off. It was a flower of a creamy white with a rather thick petal and with a very pleasant smell. " What is it ? " he asked.

" It's the flower of the quinquina," I answered.

" And it belongs to what family ? "

" To the family of rubiacees."

" And what is the botanical name of this plant in particular ? "

I looked at him with the same astonishment as though he was asking me the name of a rose or a daisy ; nevertheless I answered mechanically, " It is the *Cinchona ovata*."

" Does one often meet this kind in these regions ? " he asked again.

" But you know very well that one does not," I said. " It comes originally from Bolivia, and is only found in these latitudes because of the protected position of this plain."

" And what other trees do you see around us ? "

I named hurriedly red cedars, giant laurels, myrtles of the Ecuador, and various others, not knowing exactly what he wanted to find out. At last he looked at me well in the eyes, smiling.

" Well, I can't say you are not well informed on the topography and on the flora of the Andes. You have doubtless studied these subjects thoroughly in your daily life."

" You know very well that I have not," I said, a little impatiently, " but that I gather my knowledge from yours—that considering the immensity of all which we have to learn and to understand spiritually, once we are free of matter it would be really very unfortunate if each of us were obliged to learn the interminable series of facts and names for himself, and that once the contact was established the science of one should not be the science of all."

" Certainly," he said, " and this is my example. It all seems very clear to you now ; are you quite sure not to find this transmission of knowledge very puzzling when you wake up to-morrow, and even a little miraculous ? " And as I did not answer, he said : " But let

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us leave all this alone. You came here to rest your mind. Cross your arms and lie back, and let all this beauty engrave itself on your memory."

It is true no landscape has ever made such an impression on me. To breathe the air alone was a voluptuous delight, and by thinking what good it would have done to my poor D. I began to long for her almost with anguish; a great wave of tenderness for her invaded all my heart. "If she were here! If only she were here!" I kept saying to myself. "My dear D. My *dearest* dear," and at that moment I loved her with all my soul.

"Yes, with all your soul," said R. to me slowly, without my having said one word, having read my thoughts and putting into words the immense feeling of tenderness through which I had passed. "And being," he continued, among the few beings who during their earthly life use their soul and not only their heart to love, why are you astonished at suffering so much?" And then, after a pause: "Listen to me," he said. "I cannot lessen your suffering by a single minute, but I can help you to understand it, and the feeling of how temporary it will be must comfort you a little. You will never be able, and of this you must be quite convinced, to measure your affections with those of the greatest part of living beings. Out of a million there may be sometimes one or two persons who can feel their future life in advance. In order to love they bare their soul, they lose not their personality, by the very smallest thought or care of themselves, so you can think how defenceless they remain. You can just as well imagine a man perfectly naked going through these forests, these thorn bushes, without receiving a single prick, as even to hope that the person who loves you best in the world can succeed in never wounding you. You must content yourself with the nearly good while expecting the best. You must be resigned to feel your life always incomplete out of the loved presence, while feeling your own less indispensable to those you cherish—and even," he said, "it is only when someone admits absolutely the superiority of your loving forces that you can recognize a being capable of attaining those same forces after leaving matter behind."

"But you yourself," I said, in a low voice, "you have loved so, I know it, even during your life."

"Yes," he said, very simply, "I have always loved, and I have suffered as you have suffered, and as you will suffer yet . . . but believe me, we must not complain of our share of life."

"I have complained of many things," I said, "but of this one—never."

"No," he said, "because during the night of others you saw the dawn, and now it is daylight." And with these words I lost him, and in my room it was really broad day.

[This seems to have ended these remarkable dream contacts.—ED.]

A TRANCE EXPERIENCE IN TIBET

BY THE EDITOR

[Ronald Kaulback has in his recent book *Salween* (Hodder & Stoughton) given us a vivid picture of the hardships and excitements which beset the explorer in Tibet in traversing ways, little known or even unknown to western men, in search of the source of the River Salween. In addition to his geographical and entomological knowledge which he has brought back he gives us valuable sketches of the men and women belonging to many races whom he meets by the way, and a sympathetic understanding of their lives, their virtues and their vices, which remains with his readers.

In the following account we see him viewing with a sympathetic and also a knowledgeable eye an experience which will interest the psychic student of the West.—Ed.]

"Our first morning in Sangachō Dzong we were invited to the monastery for breakfast. We were escorted by a party of monks, and regaled with buttered tea and the usual ceremonious bowls of sweetened rice until the Abbot appeared, fresh from prayers. Of all the many charming people we met on this journey, Sera Geshe, the priest of Sera, was easily the most delightful. . . . He had been brought up in the great monastery of Sera, near Lhasa, in which there are seven thousand seven hundred monks . . . That was many years ago and he had never been back to visit Sera although he said his heart was truly there. . . ."

(The Governor of the district, Kharndempa, arrived while they were there to take part in the ceremony of Mōlam Chenmo (the Great Invocation). "All night long there was blowing of conches and trumpets in the temple, and the clash of cymbals. The day started with the orchestra serenading Kharndempa from the roof of the dzong close to our window, and at eleven o'clock we all walked down to the temple in a body . . . The entire male population for miles around and many pilgrims were standing on the right side of the main hall near the door, and on the left was a small group made up of the orchestra, the choir, and the various notables, such as the Governor, the headmen of the district, a couple of wealthy traders, ourselves, and the servants (belonging to these)."

"On a low platform in the centre of the hall was a wooden throne with a high back, over the top of which was draped a silk khata (ceremonial scarf). As soon as we arrived an ascetic-looking monk, aged about thirty, was helped into highly decorated boots and rich brocade vestments, and led up to the throne. A heavy silver head-dress like an inverted bowl

decorated with flowing banners of thin rainbow-coloured silk, high plumes and small silver skulls, was placed on his head and fastened under his chin, and a circular disk of brass, nine inches across, was hung on his chest. There was some sort of inscription on this, but I could not see what it was, and afterwards I forgot to ask. When fully arrayed he sat back in the throne and stretched out his arms to each side, taking a trident in his right hand and a large bow in his left. Up to this moment there had been an almost complete silence in the temple, broken only by the rustling of clothes and an occasional whisper from the congregation ; but now the music began, and from behind us the booming of the immense prayer trumpets, the cymbals, gongs, clarinets, and the deep bass chanting of the choir combined to fill the whole building with pulsing waves of sound. In about five minutes, closely watched by the Abbot and the more important monks, the chief performer began to go into a trance, gasping and twitching, while (so Sera Geshe told us later) a spirit called Nechung Chökyong took possession of him. After another five minutes he made an effort to stand, failed, sank back into the throne—and then suddenly he was on his feet on the thick felt cushion in front of the dais, standing very rigid and erect, with eyes open but turned up so far that nothing but the whites was visible. A few seconds later, with almost incredible agility in view of the massive garments and helmet he had on, and the fact that he was standing on a soft pad, he leaped nine or ten feet out in the middle of the floor ; stood motionless as a statue for a little with arms outspread like a cross and weapons in his hands ; and then began a whirling, frenzied dance in and out of the pillars, the crowd scattering to give him room. Followed by half the band he vanished into the main chapel, where we lost sight of him, but a few minutes later he reappeared wildly gyrating, with the skirts of his robe flying out and the banners on his helmet fluttering like birds' wings. He halted abruptly and dropped into the throne, his eyes still twisted back till I felt they might never come straight again. At once a monk darted up, carefully wiped his face, which was streaming with sweat, and offered him tea out of a silver chalice, while another stood near swinging a censer.

Kharndempa now approached and, kneeling, placed a khata

round the entranced monk's neck, leaning forward to touch the brass disk with his forehead. The monk laid his hands on the Governor's head in blessing and gave him a small wisp of scarf, which he took from the Abbot who was standing beside him. John and I came next and did the same, followed by the servants, the headmen, and the villagers; and while people of any standing had the piece of khata put round their necks, the others were simply touched on the shoulder with a short iron sceptre. During all this the monk moved jerkily like a robot, his head straight to the front, without a trace of expression on his face; and as soon as the blessings were over Sera Geshe went up to him, presented a scarf, and asked questions about the coming year in a whisper. Replies were given in a hoarse undertone and a scribe took down everything that was said on a slate. This went on for five or six minutes, and then, while the drumming and blowing rose to a crescendo, the monk was shaken with a convulsive shudder and Nechung Chökyong left him. At the moment of his going the people gave him farewell in a long wailing cry.

The monk looked very exhausted when he came round. He was refreshed with tea from the chalice, and the weighty silver head-dress was taken off, and replaced by a tall yellow silk one, also ornamented with banners and silver skulls. His left hand still held the bow, but in his right was put a long heavy sword. The music struck again, and in a couple of minutes, with the spasmodic twitchings, he was in a second trance, possessed (I was told) by a being called Karmathrinle. As before, his eyes turned hideously back, but this time his mouth was contorted and the muscles of his throat stood out like wires. Presently he rose unsteadily to his feet, rocked backwards and forwards from the hips for perhaps a quarter of a minute, and hurled the sword with great strength through the open door of the temple. The position of the sword, as it falls, shows the trend of events, and there was great anxiety on the part of all concerned to see what had happened. The monk sat down and the trident was hurriedly put into his empty right hand. Once more Sera Geshe inquired the future, each question being accompanied by a fresh khata, and once more the scribe took the words down on the slate. A dish of barley was then held before the man, who first dropped a little in the hats of the élite before scattering

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handfuls among the crowd. This barley is in the nature of a talisman like the Catholic holy medals, and everyone held out his gown to catch as much as he could. That was the end of the show, for almost immediately the monk collapsed altogether and we realized that Karmathrinle too had departed.

The people dispersed quietly, and we followed the Governor into the various chapels to pay our respects to Buddha and the saints with scarves. Finally we all trooped into the reception room and had tea and sweetened rice, while Kharndempa wrote down the prophecies from dictation and sent them off that evening to Lhasa. It was the most impressive ceremony I had ever seen, and I would not have missed it for worlds. There was no possibility of taking a photograph, but even had there been light enough instead of the dimness of the temple, there was such a spirit of reverence and faith about the whole proceeding that I could not have done it. It would have felt like sacrilege. Later, when Sera Geshe was talking to us about it he said that Nechung Chökyong and Karmathrinle come three times a year to the monastery; that their mouthpiece prepares himself by a full year's silent meditation in cave or cell, eating once a day a small meal of tea and tsamba; and that he is chosen as being the most spiritual monk in the place, going through the ordeal only once in his life."

In *The Two Worlds* for Dec. 16th, 1938 and Jan. 6th, 1939, the editor contributes articles on observations he has made with a circle in Sutton, Notts, when wax moulds of materialized hands were produced. He is satisfied with the internal evidence afforded by the moulds that these were produced in a supernormal fashion. "They follow closely the lines of those moulds produced under the supervision of Dr. Geley in Paris which were certified by a firm of well known artistic moulders as inimitable." Here is a marvel which present-day students would fain behold. May we hope that sometime the mediums may make it possible to come to the Institute and endeavour to repeat what Kluski the Polish medium did at the Institut Métapsychique in Paris before Geley, Richet and others, with the happiest results. These moulds can be seen in Paris to day and at our own Institute there is shown the only examples in Britain by Kluski, secured in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Hewat McKenzie during their visit to Warsaw in 1922.

FIRE WALKING IN BULGARIA

Dr. Karlo Marchesi of Zagreb, Jugoslavia, who is a Liaison Officer of the Institute, sends the interesting photograph which we reproduce. He writes :

" This Fire-Walking happens in the village, Novo Pavčevo, near Varna, every year on June 2nd, in honour of the Emperor Constantine and his wife Helen. On this day some of the peasants perform a dance named " nestičarsko kolo," bare-footed on white charcoal, holding in their hands the image of St. Constantine, who is a saint in the Orthodox Church. The dancers are called " nestičari." With this ceremony is connected a legend which tells how the enemies of the Emperor tried to prevent the intrusion of his army in Bulgaria by setting fire to the forests, but he and his army succeeded in crossing the fire without harm, and saved the people. I secured the photograph by the courtesy of the newspaper *Politka*, Belgrade, after some difficulty.

"I hope soon to publish a book *Problemi psihickih pojava* (*The Problem of Psychic Manifestations*), and I shall be glad to send it to you as soon as it is out."

We thank Dr. Marchesi for his courtesy.

A letter from Munich from Dr. Gerda Walther announces the death of General Major Josef Peter in February. General Peter was a friend and collaborator with Dr. Schrenck Notzing in his experimental work, and sought to keep in touch with all psychic activities in Germany. He had a large circle of devoted friends and was greatly respected.

Dr. Walther also speaks of a celebration of the tenth anniversary of Baron Schrenck's passing, when the Baroness gave a supper to which many of his former collaborators were invited where available. Among those present were Prof. Graetz, the famous Electro-physicist, Prof. Freytag, the eye specialist, Dr. Probst, the psychiatrist, who controlled the Schneider Brothers in many sittings, Prof. Specht, a psychiatrist and criminologist at Munich University, the elder of the Baron's sons, and Dr. Walther. Such a gathering recalls the palmy days of Schrenck's psychic work when he invited many distinguished scientists and doctors to his experiments, and secured their endorsement of the phenomena they had witnessed.



FIRE-WALKING IN BULGARIA

MEDIUMISTIC PHENOMENA FROM THE CONTROLLING ENTITY'S VIEW-POINT

A Trance Lecture delivered through Colin Evans by ' Rabbi David,' to the Cambridge Society for Psychical Investigation. November 14th, 1938.

[Colin Evans is known to many as a physical medium who has on many occasions within recent years been ' levitated ' before large groups. Photographs of this rare phenomenon have been taken and reproduced in *The Two Worlds* and other psychic journals. The conditions have been those provided by friendly groups and not conducted on strictly research lines. Mr. Evans is also an excellent clairvoyant and an able speaker under trance control. The following address, with his own foreword, shows a thoughtful appreciation of the difficulties experienced in trance communication and we welcome it as an addition to our knowledge on this debatable subject. The Cambridge Society, under whose auspices it was given, is affiliated to the I.I.P.I.—ED.]

[FOREWORD BY COLIN EVANS :—The following report of a lecture delivered through my lips by ' Rabbi David ' on Nov. 14th, 1938, to the Cambridge Society for Psychical Investigation, is revised by me—under his mental guidance, I believe, during the revision—from very full notes made by another person taking down as much as possible, short of verbatim shorthand reporting, in the absence of an expert shorthand writer, during the trance lecture, during which I was not in possession of normal consciousness. Years ago, in the early days of my trance mediumship, I experienced a very peculiar phenomenon of " delayed memory," as I called it ; the effect of this was, that whenever any controlling entity spoke through me in trance, I would awaken from the trance state completely unaware of what had been said or who had spoken, or even whether anything had been said by anybody or whether anything at all had happened beyond the fact of my losing consciousness ; after a lapse of time of about a week, roughly, however, I would surprisingly enough have just as clear a memory of what had transpired while I was in trance, as I could be expected to have had I been normally conscious the whole time. This I never found anybody to explain. It might well be that whatever is spoken by a discarnate person through a trance medium has to pass through that medium's sub-conscious mind where it leaves a " deposit," so to speak, of recollection, which may later seep upwards into the conscious mind ; or it may be, as the Secretary of the M.S.A. once suggested, that the apparent unconsciousness of what has transpired in trance is really only due to a kind of amnesia caused by the " shock " effect of control, and which wears off in time, in some cases, as loss of memory caused by a blow on the head might wear off later, leaving a memory of what the mind was actually registering all along. In recent years, this delayed

memory of what transpires while I am in deep trance never comes to me—but, if notes of what transpires are made by another person and submitted to me, I usually find myself infallibly able to correct those notes wherever they are inaccurate or fragmentary; although all I read as having been said through me is “news to me,” and I have not the faintest idea till I read the report as to what had been said through me, yet inaccuracies or small gaps or lacunæ in such reports I find myself correcting or filling in without stopping to think—and when another ear-witness has been consulted later he has always confirmed my corrections or completions in such cases. We know very little of the psychology of mediumship; I cannot pontificate as to whether this ability denotes a sub-conscious memory or sub-conscious awareness of all that any control says through my lips when I am entranced, or whether it denotes a degree of overshadowing and unobtrusive inspiration by whoever spoke through me, and who contacts me to ensure his words being correctly reported, afterwards. Sometimes, when engaged in correcting somebody else’s report of things said through me while I was in trance, I *think* I feel the presence with me of the original communicator—on other occasions, while able to correct such reports equally easily, I am not *conscious* of any such presence. A solitary instance in recent times of something like the old “delayed memory” experience I have mentioned, but occurring momentarily only, and after the lapse of only about twenty minutes, instead of about a week, after coming out of trance, occurred, after I had returned to my normal waking state after the delivery of the address reported below. After the answering by my control of some questions, when I was answering normally some further questions addressed to myself from the audience—in the course of one such answer I referred to the answer given to an earlier question, I suddenly realized that I did not remember having heard that earlier question or answered it. And on my inquiring, I learned that I had quoted question and answer that had been uttered while I had been in trance, which I was not aware of remembering, or of ever having known anything about, when I paused to think of it.]

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen :

The first question of importance is: Who is speaking? Is the man who is now addressing you (1) Colin Evans, the man you see bodily present, or (2) David Reuben Harris, sometime Reader at an English Jewish Synagogue (who is generally spoken of among you by the inaccurate courtesy title of ‘Rabbi David’)—a man who has what you call “died,” or (3) some third and other Personality altogether, neither

Colin Evans nor David Reuben Harris, but a third, unknown person who intrudes into the organism of Colin Evans there to impersonate the departed David Reuben Harris, or (4) some portion of Colin Evans dissociated for the time being from the remainder of his normal conscious personality?

The answer to this question is not an absolutely clear-cut one. I, who speak, am certainly not simply the man Colin Evans; nor yet, unfortunately, purely and simply the man David Reuben Harris. The very word "I," the personal pronoun itself, is almost misleading—as is every word in which I can address you. You can be spoken to only in words of your own plane, and those are words that have grown up as expressions of your own experience on that plane, and are therefore never completely applicable nor perfect "fits" for any communication of ideas from any other stratum of life than your own. But I must use words belonging to the plane on which my hearers dwell, however imperfectly they express me. And among them, the word "I."

"I," at the moment, means someone—a real conscious personality, conscious and self-conscious and individually alive—who exists only for the brief period of this communication, a person who did not exist until the medium went into trance, a person who will not exist when he is decontrolled—if one is to be meticulously exact. For the person who is speaking, the "I" you now hear, is a person, a personal entity, brought into existence as a result of a process of fusion between two other personalities—the personality of the man who was once a Jewish minister of religion in England and is now living in a world you have not yet reached, and the personality of a man still of your world, the medium Evans. I do not merely mean, that the former is speaking by transmitting his thoughts through the latter, and they are transmitted imperfectly and coloured a little by the latter's mentality—I mean something more fundamental than that. I mean that David has effected such a fusion of his personality with the personality of Colin that there has come into temporary existence as a result a third personality. It is a phenomenon almost comparable to that of conception, where a new soul is brought into existence, though in that case an indestructible one instead of a temporarily existent one, as a result of the momentary fusion of the

mother's and father's souls which is a mysterious phenomenon accompanying the physical act that produces the germ of the body that new soul will inhabit for a time. And just as the child is partly the father and is partly the mother and is partly a third individual, so is the Ego who is speaking to you partly Rabbi David and partly Colin Evans and partly a third brought into existence by Rabbi David's impregnating Colin Evans' personality with his own. Every individual self in the universe is a smaller self which is a partial expression of one Greater Universal Self. To effect the fusion of the two smaller Selves Colin and David, the Greater Self has come more to the fore setting aside for the moment the illusion of complete separateness that normally walls off one individuality from another. The composite personality created by the fusion of two separate personalities into a coalescing unity is a slight foretaste of the *complete* consciousness of Unity to be reached in that ultimate realisation of the total Whole which is the goal of spiritual evolution, whether called the Beatific Vision or Nirvana.

Meanwhile, I who speak am, as nearly as David was able to make me, a complete expression of David himself, with as little as possible of Colin and as little as possible that is neither in order that I might fulfil as nearly as possible the commission given to David that he should return to talk to those on earth through this mediumship.

But David could never make me wholly and solely David while speaking in your world, which has ceased to be David's world, through a medium who is a denizen still of your world.

And the second question is the "How."

In your veins runs blood. It consists of separate corpuscles, cellular living structures, which during life are part of the self-consciously existent "you." It flows freely, becoming a component in every tissue of the physical body. Yet cut your finger—let a single drop spill, separate it from the living whole and it coagulates, hardens. Let two such drops of your blood spill—each will thenceforward have what might be called a separate entity, individuality, of its own, within a wall of separateness, the hardening skin of its coagulation, which separates that drop from the other drop, and each drop from the "you" of which they had before been part. Self-consciousness is never lost—at the best, it may be fused into the

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universal Cosmic Consciousness, but even then it were as true to say that it absorbs and embraces the universal Cosmic Consciousness within itself without loss of self. At the worst, it may be subdivided and split up, like those two drops of blood, living now apart from the You, in their walls of separateness. Let those walls be pierced, and the two drops fuse into one drop—and you have there a parallel, an analogy, of what happens in Control, in the use of a medium by another personality.

When “personal communicators”—your own personal friends and kinsmen, communicating only because of personal ties between you and them—discarnate men and women who are not, like we, the “Guides,” trained for impersonal, public work—attempt by a great projection of will to contact some of you, their personal friends and kin who are still in terrestrial bodies, the conditions are more difficult and somewhat different.

Let us suppose that five or six years ago a sister came over, came a step further towards a higher stratum of life, from your earth-plane, still attached by ties of personal love to a brother who still lives down there among you in his earth body. Because all growth and evolution and progress of the personal soul is towards eventual loss of the illusion of Separateness, and the eventual embracing of the Universal Consciousness, therefore in reality she has already undergone a slight splintering or thinning or melting of the egg-shell of separate, exclusive, individuality—but it is still only to an imperceptible degree. She is still, to all intents and purposes—and will, for far longer than any generation who knew her on earth can continue to have any survivors still living down there among you, continue to be a separately individualized personality, more conscious of her separate individuality than of herself as embracing and comprehending and fused into the Universal Self. And she is longing to speak to her brother.

She cannot, ordinarily and normally, in her present life, see or hear or contact him in a concrete way, comparable to your perception of each other by the senses. She can but sense him, rather vaguely, as a spirit presence—even as you, in proportion to your psychic sensitiveness, your “clairvoyance” or “clair-audience,” can sense the presence of spirit visitants from our planes. The matter of your world is a matter consisting of a different frequency and wave-length of oscillation from the

matter or quasi-matter of any post-terrestrial phase of life—hence the intangibility and invisibility, sensorily, of your material bodies to even those who are still living in a world that to themselves is almost as grossly material as your own. But because this sister is a little more “grown up” than she was on earth, a little more matured—because the psychic faculties by which some of you can discern us at times quite clearly are only embryonic in your stage of life, and become gradually more and more fully developed as you grow up after leaving earth—therefore her clairvoyant consciousness of her brother as a spirit, while he is still living on the earth she has left, will probably (individuals vary in the rate of their development of different faculties) be a little more clear and well-defined than *his* clairvoyant awareness of *her* as a living spirit.

But to reach his senses—to speak to him in words, to show herself to his physical eye—to touch him with a tangible touch that his bodily nerve-ends will register as a solid material touch—she must first contact your world through the subliminal mind of an earth-dweller—either her brother himself or somebody else whose subliminal mind is more readily accessible for such contacts, whom she will use as a medium to reach her brother. For this she must make an effort of the same kind as you would have to make to project yourself on to one of our planes, but in her case the effort is not quite so great—because reaching down to a lower plane is easier than reaching up to a higher; to a plane you have already lived in, easier than to one you have never yet reached; and because her faculties are more developed for any such work, as a boy of ten who has never learned to read can learn to read more quickly than a boy of five. But not in the normal condition in which she lives in her own world can she reach you. A fully awake personality—fully awake, in so far as its faculties that are adapted for its own present life-environment are fully active—cannot consciously, as a rule, project itself to any world outside its own. So what happens is that a certain part of her personality, and a certain part of such ideas strongly formed and willed as she had prepared in advance in her intention of contacting you, will be transferred, through the channel or mediumship of some earth-person's sub-conscious mind, to your plane, to reach her brother. And he will recognize—in her speech through a

trance medium, in the speech of a medium speaking inspirationally under her influence and inspiration, in a clairvoyant vision projected by her to one of your minds, or in a materialization or "direct voice" speech, achieved by her penetration of the subconscious mind of a medium who is so developed that what is strongly intruded into his mind from a mentality on this side can be externalized from his body in a sensorily perceptible manner—her brother will recognize, in any such manifestation, a more or less imperfect, or "bad," portrait of his sister.

By her will, she projects as much of her personality as possible—but even she is herself at that moment in what you might call a semi-trance. She only remembers or knows vaguely and imperfectly, during the time of such manifestation, things that in her normal life over here she knows fully and clearly. During her manifestation she can usually only say or repeat such things—and those imperfectly—as were already in her mind ready to be spoken at the moment that she threw herself into the exceptional state in which she could attempt to manifest.

You will note that I have here confused physical and mental phenomena, as you call them in your study of such manifestations. The distinction between the two classes of phenomena is a far less real one than appears to you. And even in so far as it is a real distinction at all, it is a distinction that it is usually very difficult for us to perceive as clearly as you can perceive it. You "turn white with fear" or "red with shame"—is that a physical or a mental phenomenon? You "jump"—your material body is lifted against the pull of earth by a muscular jerk prompted by a spiritual, purely mental, impulse, relayed through a system of nerves and muscles that are physical—is it a mental or physical phenomenon?

Your Aunt Sarah pours her temporarily entranced personality into the sub-conscious mind of an earth medium whose conscious waking mind is for the time being suspended as in sleep. A resultant personality which is largely but not wholly Aunt Sarah acts in the organism of that medium. AUNT SARAH PATS YOUR HEAD—how? As far as she knows, as far as WE usually know, simply by the fact that (in virtue of her fusion with the medium's subliminal consciousness) she, or

an ego that is mainly she, is there, with you, and she has thought to pat your head, and the thought has translated itself into some action—and you have felt your head patted and she has been conscious of contacting your spirit personality with a satisfying fulfilment of the thought of greeting you by such a gesture. If you put out your hand and slap the table, you only KNOW, as a rule, that you thought of slapping the table—thought that thought in your soul—and, lo, your material hand made impact with the material table. You are not conscious through what relays of complicated spiritual and nervous and muscular and gravitational mechanism that spiritual thought was expressed in that material impact. Nor is she. It may be that her idea, and the idea of such of us as act on our side as “Guides” or “Mediums” to facilitate such communication, was to produce what you call a full materialization—that the personality created by fusion of hers with the medium’s, in his sub-conscious mind, and which, if successful is more Aunt Sarah than Medium, though never wholly Aunt Sarah, has successfully externalized as a materialized body away from the medium’s body; and that while the medium sat still in his chair, this temporarily created material body animated by the personality that is mainly Aunt Sarah but a little of the medium has walked across the room and tapped your head. Or it may be that the medium’s body, controlled by a mind that for the time being is more Aunt Sarah’s mind than his own, has risen from his chair, walked across the room, and patted your head with the medium’s hand; or it may be that a merely subjective ideation of head-patting has been transmitted to you so that you had, subjectively, the illusion of your head being patted, when there was no material patting of your material head at all. Any of these three things may happen—all three of them are typical of things that do habitually and frequently happen. In ALL THREE CASES Aunt Sarah will simply be conscious that she has reached you and patted your head—she will usually not know nor care nor reflect nor even be able to ascertain in which of these three manners she patted your head.

If to you the main thing that matters is to achieve genuine communication with Aunt Sarah herself, overcoming the difficulty created by her living in one world and you in another,

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then all three are equally real and equally satisfactory modes of equally real communication, and the distinction is immaterial.

But if your purpose is the scientific study of the mechanism of phenomena of inter-communication between different worlds, then it is of the essence of your inquiry to know whether the touch on your head was made with the medium's hand, or with a hand materialized externally to the medium's body, or merely by mental impression on your mind.

There are those on our side who are devoting themselves to such research, and dependent on your co-operation for carrying it out by experiments with you.

But we have to rely rather on *your* observation than on our own to tell us when contact has been made by a genuinely objective physical phenomenon or by a less completely objective, less completely physical, less completely external-to-the-medium, manifestation. We are not so well placed as are you to observe and determine. To You the medium's hand is a solid material thing of the matter of your world, and a materialized hand of Aunt Sarah is a second solid material object, and the material head of the nephew is a third solid external material object. To us, you are spirits—your material bodies do not exist in the world to which our senses respond—the medium is a spirit ; Aunt Sarah is a tangible bodily presence in her own plane, you may call it the "Astral plane," but her manifestation down there to you is that of a spiritual entity. For the most part, except by elaborate investigation and indirectly, and by information derived from your own words and thoughts, we are left unknowing whether her successful contact with her nephew involved only a reaction of mind on mind, a movement of the medium's body by the impact of her mind, or a materialization external to the medium's body.

Some other phenomena bewilder and puzzle you. Levitation, for example. Yet every day you perform the phenomenon of levitation, whenever you walk. A mere thought—an action of the purely immaterial spiritual mind—is translated and relayed through an elaborate system of brains and nerves and muscles until it lifts ten or twelve stone of material flesh body into the air at every step you take in walking. Yet when the same—precisely the same, fundamentally—power is put into operation in a slightly different manner, and you see

the medium's body floating over your head, you wonder! Nine of you out of ten disbelieve that it can be real, the tenth imagines it to be something miraculous—when in fact it is simply part of a series of experiments intended by some of us to arrive at a better conscious understanding of things we can all do instinctively without fully knowing how we do them.

Before closing I would quote from the book of Job: "Surely FROM My Flesh shall I see Elohim"—as you generally translate it, "God." I would prefer to say, The Power and strong manifestation of entities—as the medium of Endor said she saw "Elohim" rising from the ground when Samuel materialised. It is not "in" my flesh, nor "out" of my flesh, as different English Christian translations of the Bible would have it, but *min*, "from." The Flesh is moved by the Spirit—and so can man see the Power, the Spirit Powers, growing and developing and activating, from the Flesh.

"Difficulties underlying the Einstein-Eddington Conception of Curved Space," is the title of a paper read before the Victoria Institute in April, 1938, by Albert Eagle, B.Sc., Lecturer in Mathematics at the University of Manchester. Mr. Eagle who has on several occasions lectured to some of our London societies and is keenly interested in psychic facts faces again in this paper the giants of science, for in his view the famous Relativity theory does not hold water. A bold man! The article can be obtained from Mr. Eagle at the University, 6d. post free.

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We congratulate the London Spiritualist Alliance and the editor of *Light* on the sample issue of the journal which contains a varied selection of some of the fine and thoughtful contributions which have appeared at various times in its issues. This effort has been widely distributed with the purpose of securing new readers by bringing to public notice the sustained excellent presentation of psychic knowledge for which *Light* has consistently stood.

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The Cancer Bill which has passed its third reading in Parliament, gives serious thought to all interested in psychic healing. Dr. Sidney J. Peters, M.P. for Huntingdonshire, and President of our affiliated society in Cambridge, and is himself a healer, was one of those who protested against some of the clauses of the Bill during the debate in the House. Mr. Prevost Battersby has an excellent article on the subject in *Light* of March 16th, in a review of Mr. Cyril Scott's new book, "Victory over Cancer." (Methuen & Co.)

FACES ON THE WALL

BY MRS. HEWAT MCKENZIE.

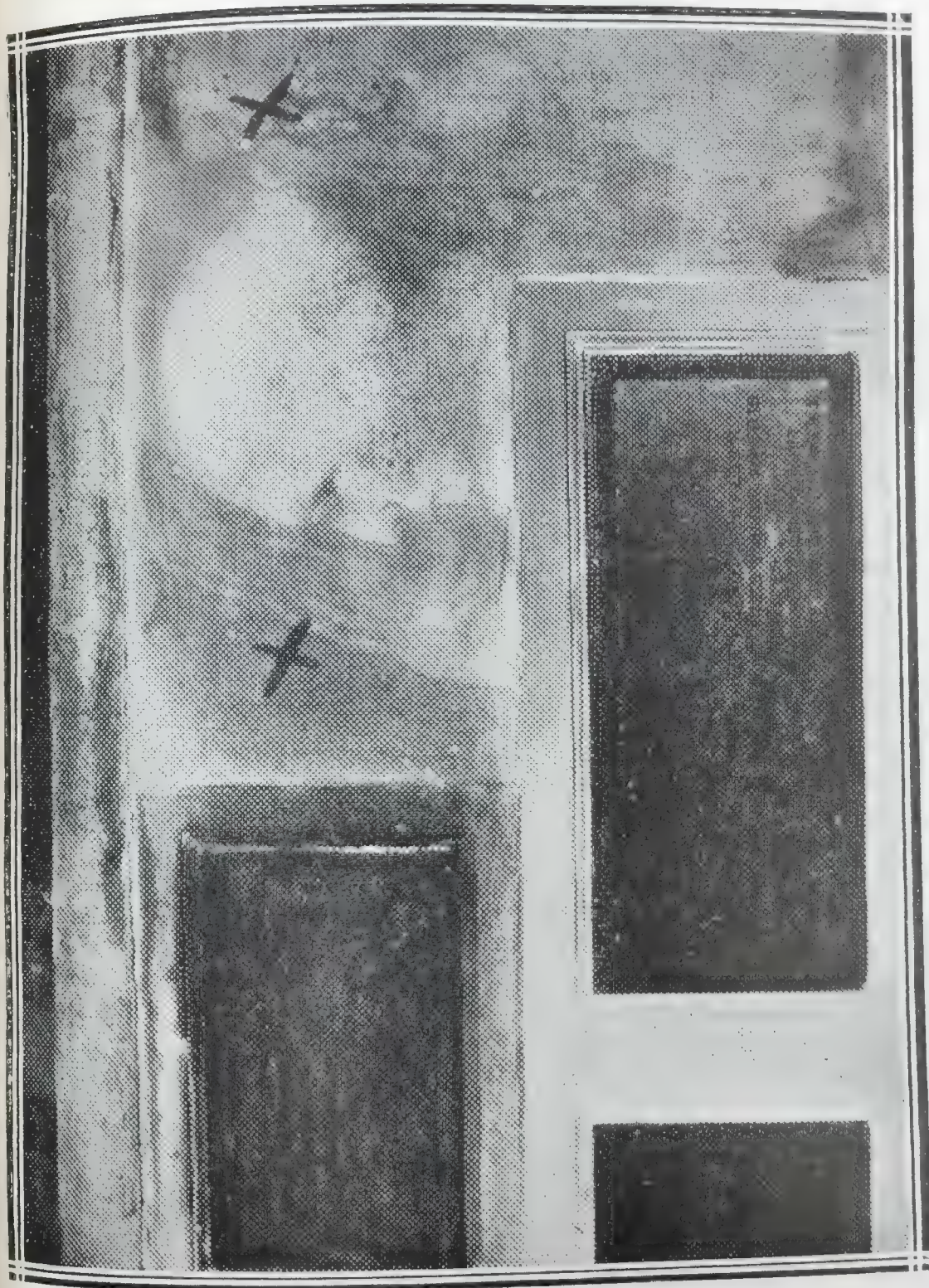
From time to time reports have appeared in the Press as to markings which have mysteriously appeared on the plaster of inside walls of churches, markings which have developed by degrees into the lineaments of human faces. Various natural theories have been proposed to account for these, for church authorities are not partial to the publicity which follows any suggestion of a supernormal cause.

Some readers may remember, or can refer to an article entitled "The Face on the Wall," which appeared in *PSYCHIC SCIENCE* in the issue of October, 1923 (Vol. II, No. 3), from the pen of Mr. Bligh Bond, then Editor. As it has a bearing on what follows I will recall it to those who may have no access to that issue.

The article dealt with the appearance of the features of Dean Liddell the famous scholar and preacher, which had appeared on a wall in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, in a place with which his thoughts might be deemed to be closely associated—namely, close beneath the Burne-Jones window which he had caused to be placed in the Cathedral as a memorial of his daughter, whose memory he had cherished with great affection. Certain markings on this wall had been developing for some time, slowly forming the perfect outline of a head, with a growing resemblance to that of the late Dean who had died twenty-five years previously. Several friends and relatives who knew him well admitted the resemblance. One artist is reported as saying, "that coincidence was impossible in this case, for the face was complete even to an indentation on the temple," another said that it was a better portrait of the Dean than the published photograph of him. Others held to the theory of natural coincidence. A report which appeared in the *Oxford Journal*, by a Miss Jennings, was quoted, which said in describing the appearance, "The curly white hair, the bald crown, the aquiline nose, are faithfully reproduced, as any visitor can verify who compares it with the figure of the Dean set in the niche in the archway leading to Peckwater Quad. The only difference is one of expression, the austerity in the sculptured

face being replaced by gentleness and benignity in the 'spirit' portrait." "The Dean spent much time in this part of the Cathedral. He took great interest in the erection of the memorial window, having it removed three times before he considered the colouring perfect. Beneath this window is the burial ground of the Dean, his wife and family, so there are many claims for attachment to this particular spot." "On the right hand side of the head another face is forming and from the appearance of the hair it is apparently the head of a woman." I reproduce the photograph which illustrated this report (See Fig. 1). Visitors flocked from all parts of the world to view this phenomenon, until the Church authorities had a space railed off, so that it could not be approached closely. The *Oxford Journal* reporter also noted, "The wall for an extent of half a foot from the face to two or three feet from the crown, has a peculiar bluish-white appearance, quite distinct from the usual age and damp discoloration in other parts of the Cathedral." A case is noted by Mr. Bligh Bond of the outlines of a saintly figure which appeared during a service in Babraham Parish Church in Cambridgeshire, after the installation of a new heating apparatus. It was found that beneath the ancient plaster there had lain, concealed for generations, a mediæval fresco, and when the heating dried the wall out, the colouring matter in this, which had probably been affecting the plaster for a long period, made its appearance and outlined the figure. But no change had been made in Christ Church, and there was no hidden fresco, there was also a gradual development, and finally the likeness to the Dean, and his association with the spot must be reckoned with. Was it a psychical image, the editor asked, comparable to effects obtained in psychic photography? "Instead of a photographic plate and the chemical changes in salts of silver, there is the smooth, white plaster wall and the mineral salts contained in the plaster, less susceptible to the immediate action of light, but yet not insusceptible of slower chemical change."

In PSYCHIC SCIENCE (Vol. X, No. 3, Oct., 1931), I reported a visit to Christ Church Cathedral in that year which gave me opportunity for a personal examination of the wall picture. I found that the Dean's face was beautifully clear as had been reported, and there seemed an emergence of other outlines close



By kind permission of "The Oxford Journal"

FIG. 1—PORTRAIT OF DEAN LIDDELL
APPEARING ON THE WALL OF THE SOUTH AISLE OF CATHEDRAL

by which bore a resemblance to two human heads, the one referred to in the previous report and another which seemed to be shaping up since that report was made.

The vergier, who had long been connected with the Cathedral, seemed interested in showing my friend and myself not only this face on the wall but others. He pointed out a grey marble pedestal supporting a memorial tablet of an earlier date than Dean Liddell's; at about a foot from the floor on which it rested a white patch showed on the marble, forming a very clear face of an elderly man with bushy hair, full whiskers and beard. Here was an appearance not on plaster but on marble, nor did the patch reach the ground to raise suspicions of damp as to origin. Again the clearness of the features was arresting. The vergier led us to even a finer appearance of a human face, popularly associated, whether with good reason or not I cannot say, with that of a chorister who for many years sang in the Cathedral and was to many "the soul of music." This appeared on a wall behind the organ and within twenty yards of the choir seat which this singer regularly used. The face was at a considerable height in a rather narrow space close to some old memorial tablets fixed on the wall. It looked like an imaginative picture of the Apostle John in his old age, white hair and beard and the face of a darker tone, a noble and picturesque appearance.

Dean Liddell was a great preacher, the said chorister a great singer. Both probably loved the scene of their labours. Is there anything in the vibration of the human voice which can be registered on suitable substance and subsequently become manifest? Readers will recall the article in the January issue of this journal by Miss E. B. Gibbes, on "Radiation and Psychometry," a script by Geraldine Cummins which deals with this subject of vibration. Such appearances may be more common than we know. Some may not reach recognizable maturity, others may be removed by Church authorities as in the case reported some years ago at Bath Abbey, where the portrait of a soldier appeared close to the War Memorial and brought such a crowd of visitors that it was effaced. Mr. Bligh Bond referred to psychic photography as providing an analogy, we may also recall the mediumship of the Bangs Sisters of Chicago, in which precipitated portraits of deceased

relatives of sitters grew before the eyes of observers on blank canvases hung against the window. In *Glimpses of the Next State*, by Vice-Admiral W. Usborne Moore, his experiences with these mediums are recorded and endorsed by many others. These portraits were completed in an hour or so, but those on the walls of Christ Church required months, or years, for perfection.

As Mr. Bligh Bond wrote in 1923, "Instead of the presence, or close personal contact of a 'physical' medium, there is the psychical atmosphere of a building constantly dedicated to prayer and spiritual aspiration, full of the spiritual or psychical emanations of countless worshippers tending to provide the conditions necessary for the accomplishment of a process in which the alchemy of thought may succeed in affecting the grosser particles of matter."

"There is also the special association of the place in which the emotional part of the Earth-memories of a man of great gifts of spiritual imagination would naturally linger, were they permitted to do so in the absence of the flesh."

We have all seen faces on wall-paper, or faces in the fire, or faces amongst foliage, but as the writer concludes, "Such instances, however, as the Dean's head—lifelike and perfect in detail, fall into a different category and are a legitimate subject for inquiry as to a psychic origin."

NEW FACES ON A WALL

I will now relate an instance of more recent years of a somewhat similar happening on the wall of a private dwelling-house, which I have taken pains to authenticate, first by correspondence, and finally by personal examination by some friends. The whole of the correspondence is filed at the I.I.P.I. In the end of 1935, while President of the British College, I received a letter from a Mrs. W. resident in a small town in the West of England, stating that through a friend she had been given my name as likely to throw some light on a puzzling experience. Mrs. W. expressed herself clearly and concisely and the substance of her communication was, that her husband had passed on nearly two years previously and that about nine months after his death she was one day feeling very unhappy. Hap-

pening to look at the wall outside her bedroom door, a wall covered with a plain cream paper, no distemper, she noticed for the first time the outline of a dog just above the skirting board. Looking higher, she was still more surprised to find a large figure of a man holding a Cross, the latter was particularly clear and outstanding. The man's head gave her the impression that he was a monk of an Ethiopian type. A month or so later another profile appeared at the end of the cross which she definitely recognized as her husband's profile, as though he was lying in bed with his head on a pillow. The whole thing, she wrote, was still there and clear to even the most unimaginative. Mrs. W., who is an artist, drew a charcoal picture of the wall picture (See Fig. 2) for she felt that when the property was sold, as she intended, she would like to have the impression of this to take with her. She added, "It is all in light sepia, as though burnt on the wall by sun through the skylight just above it. The background of my own drawing, as in photograph enclosed, is the result of the impression the wall picture gave me—'out of darkness—light.'"

"Surely this picture is a message from my husband, and I want to find out before I have to leave the old home and the picture on the wall. If this interests any of your members I shall be pleased to show it to them at any time. This is my first introduction to anything psychic and I cannot translate it."

I replied to this, that her account and photograph interested me very much, and asked if she could get a photograph taken of the wall, to see whether the print showed the pictures which she claimed to see, and were not subjective to herself, under the stress of grief. I also asked if she recognized the dog as having any connection with her husband or herself. Mrs. W. replied at once that a photographic firm from a near-by town would attempt a photograph when next they were in the neighbourhood. She added that the dog was theirs, and he had often sat just where the picture of him appeared, outside her door, waiting for her to go downstairs. Her husband and she both loved him and never felt they could replace him. Brutus, she believed, was with her husband if affection survived.

A month later—early in 1936—Mrs. W. wrote again, enclosing a photograph of the wall, taken by the photographer

mentioned previously, and expressed herself satisfied with the result (See Fig. 3). The photographer, she says "was under the impression that he was going to photograph a fresco, but on seeing the wall knew it was not; having previously enlarged a snapshot of my husband he at once recognized his profile at the top." To this I responded, thanking her for her trouble, and asking her to report whether any change was noted in the picture, either by fading or additional marking, as time passed. I also inquired whether any fresco or painting had ever been on the wall under the present paper. Mrs. W. replied saying I could use the picture if interesting to members of the College. She did not think it could be due to a fresco; the house, standing in its own grounds, was old, but had been added to continually, and the picture was on a wall in the latest addition, quite a modern part. The wall had only a thin paper over the cement and it had been intended to distemper over it, but as the passage was inclined to be dark they did not do so. She believed she noticed two other faces developing, one of a younger man and one of an older, under the shoulder of the larger figure, but the photograph gives no hint of these. The older face, in her opinion, resembles that of her husband's father.

Circumstances and distance prevented my following the matter up, and it was not until the summer of 1938 that I got into touch with Mrs. W. again, as I then had an opportunity of sending someone to visit her, if she was still in occupation of the house. She was, and expressed pleasure in the prospect of a visitor from the College. The pictures she said had not faded, but were increasing slowly. There now had appeared a cat which died in Oct., 1936, after my previous correspondence with her had ceased. "It is near the old dog; also a life-size head of a nurse (in cap) is particularly clear."

So a visit was arranged, and in August, 1938, Mrs. Kitchen, the Librarian at the College, who has had much practical experience in psychic manifestation, visited the house, accompanied by her sister and brother-in-law, and received a most hospitable welcome from Mrs. W. Mrs. Kitchen reported, "The wall is very interesting and the older faces and figures are certainly the clearest. The wall is an inside wall. There has been a doorway filled in but the only face showing in the new



FIG. 2—CHARCOAL SKETCH OF WALL



FIG. 3—PHOTOGRAPH OF WALL

plaster is that of the cat. It seemed to me that I was struck, or attracted by the eyes in each case, they seemed to provide a central focus for the images. The impression given is not so much of a photograph or picture as of sculpture. There is a softness in the shading that is very beautiful and gives great depth to the features." (A similar softness was noted in the Dean Liddell face by an observer.) "I felt a strong psychic atmosphere on the landing, quiet and restful. Mrs. W. has herself experienced this and feels that there is protection for her there. She lives alone, and when some are surprised at this, she replies, 'What more protection do I need than my wall?' She knew little of psychic matters before the faces began to show, but in her husband's lifetime it seems that there had been several very clear cases of telepathy between them. He was an invalid for some time before his passing, was of a studious nature and spiritually developed. The wall is just outside the bathroom attached to the suite of rooms he used during his last illness, which Mrs. W. uses now. The house is old and rambling, standing in its own grounds of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ acres. Dr. W. was very attached to the house and interested in the historical associations of the surrounding district. There are local tales that the house itself was connected with a monastery which once stood near, and rumours of a passage between the two buildings, but this cannot be verified historically. Mrs. W. is of a sensitive, happy nature, fond of her home and garden, and an artist in animal studies."

Such was Mrs. Kitchen's account of her visit, verified by the friends who accompanied her. Mrs. W. spoke again of her intention of selling the house, which was too large for her, and her main regret was the thought of leaving the wall. In January, 1939, Mrs. Kitchen received a letter from her from Devonshire, saying that she had sold the house suddenly in December last and had only a month in which to get out. It was sold for a boys' school, and as many alterations were being made she quite expected to hear that the wall had been altered. She had, however, heard from the woman in a cottage in the grounds, who was helping the new owners, that the wall was not being touched. The images were not fading when she left, but a crack was developing in the wall. I replied, sending her a small reproduction of the large photo-

graph she had sent me, asking her if she could explain the round white mark, which seemed to have a nucleus, on the right of the photograph of the wall and whether this was shaping into anything. I had had the original print specially treated to bring out every detail as clearly as possible. Mrs. W. replied, "The white circle with dark centre is due to a new patch of cement which was put on in 1922 when the wall was stripped of old papers and the thin paper put on. Perhaps the cement was not quite dry when the paper was put on, which would account for the bleaching around the patch: No! it did not develop into anything." She adds, "I may revisit my old home at Easter, and if I hear any interesting news of the wall I will pass it on to you."

Such well-observed phenomena occurring in different spots and reported intelligently, give occasion for thought, and this most recent record may arouse the attention of psychic students who may be able to follow up any further instance which may be reported.

M. Augustin Lesage, the French psychic painter, an exhibition of whose pictures was held at the College last year, has presented us in remembrance of his visit, with a beautifully decorative painting which now hangs at the Institute. We thank M. Lesage for his remembrance and value his gift.

DASS WIR MENSCHEN WÜRDEN

(That we might attain to the state of Real Manhood)

By Dr. C. D. Isenberg. (Otto Lautenbach, Verlag, Weimar, Leipzig.)

This is a contribution to our subject from a German student who uses many psychic facts drawn from a wide reading of both English and Continental authors to enrich his arguments. He outlines the story of his own career, rich with varied experience, but his deeper interest is with the claims of the inner life, to the understanding of which man has yet to beat a path. Man is a spirit and has a spiritual birthright which he has hardly begun to claim. He is still living with "the horde" and only by the enlightenment of spirit and by following its laws of loving service to others can he attain to his manhood.

This book is the work of an honest mind and is written in plain language. We hope it may have a large sale in German speaking countries and evoke the response it deserves.

DREAMS AND DREAMING

A PRECIS OF LECTURE BY CAPT. HERBERT BLAND.

In a lecture delivered at the Institute on February 15th, Capt. Bland opened with a few remarks on the debt we owe to men such as Freud, Jung, Stegel, Adler and Prince for our present-day knowledge of dreams and their meaning. The speaker commented on the usually unsatisfactory way in which this subject is dealt with by the modern press in which the chief object seems to be to sell the paper rather than to instruct its readers.

Modern knowledge of dreams robs them of the atmosphere of romance and mysticism with which the ignorance of antiquity has hitherto clothed them and which, in many quarters, is still exploited.

The speaker dealt with five important factors, some of which, and sometimes *all* of which, can be identified in many dreams.

1. *The Dream Censor*, who takes care of the dreamer and sees that he does not meet with a fate in a dream which he would carefully avoid in waking life and who prevents the dreamer behaving in a dream in a manner which would be *really* repugnant to him if he were awake. The Dream Censor was described as a crystallization of all the "thou shalt nots" instilled into the mind by parents, teachers and by experience.

2. *Wish-fulfilment*, that obliging element in dreams which temporarily fulfils our wishes.

3. *Fear*, which presents in a dream a picture of waking-life fears being actually realized.

4. *Dream Economy*, which explains why so many things are absent in the dream picture which would be present in actual life. The dream mind often presents no more in a dream than is essential.

5. *Integration*, when faces and figures and sometimes scenes, run into each other and form a composite picture. With a knowledge of dream analysis it is possible to take these composite or integrated dream persons and scenes to pieces and identify the pieces as having been encountered in real life.

Capt. Bland described to his audience ten different types of

dream, each with its own separate origin and peculiarities, each with different significations and implications.

He referred to Mr. J. W. Dunne's system of dream analysis and stated that he had found from ten of his own dreams that Mr. Dunne is right in his contention that the future is sometimes seen in a dream.

A reference was made to the dreams of children, and it was pointed out that dream life to a child is indistinguishable from *real* life and that some of the stories for which children are at times severely reprov'd certainly have their origin in something of which the child has dreamed. A child may reach the age of ten or twelve years before it realises the significance of the verb "to dream."

The speaker gave descriptions of two "somatic" or "body" dreams—that type of dream in which the stimulus is some internal or external pain, distress or disturbance.

The dreamer was a boy at sea. Lying in his bunk asleep one afternoon he dreamed that he was on the foredeck when a huge sea came inboard during a gale of wind. In the dream he was washed to the scuppers where he struggled for life.

The dreamer awoke to find another boy standing over him with a syphon of soda water in his hand. This boy had pushed the spout of the syphon inside the sleeper's collar and pressed the trigger.

The gale in the dream is the sound of the hissing soda water, the sea coming inboard is the sensation of the cold soda water soaking the sleeper's chest, and the life at sea explains the rest by association of ideas.

The second example was of a woman who cut her thumb during the day. The same night she dreamed she was walking through a forest in winter, when she heard the growling of a wolf. Presently a wolf rushed from the forest and bit her on the thumb.

The woman loves the country and hates towns. Therefore the dream mind obligingly takes her for a walk in a forest. She wakes up. The bedclothes have slipped off the bed. She is cold. Therefore it is winter in the dream. The hot water bottle has also slipped to the floor. The water in it gurgled as it fell and that is the growl of the wolf. The wolf bite is the pain in the cut thumb.

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The lecturer drew attention to a type of dream which has been little observed and analysed.

He stated that he was responsible for christening it the "mind-affinity dream" as no name appeared yet to have been coined for it.

This is a dream induced by mind-affinity as when two people are great friends and a common pool of mind is established by love or affection or by constant amicable association.

In this case one person will sometimes dream within the mental content of the other. The following example was given.

An engaged couple spent the evening together. The man went home to bed. Soon after he fell asleep he dreamed that he was on a mountain top and saw a hut on fire. People rushed to rescue the inmates of the hut.

Next evening he described his dream to his fiancée. She opened a magazine and showed him part of a story in which the dream scene was described exactly. After they had parted the night before, she went to bed and, before going to sleep, read the story.

The mind-affinity between the two was sufficiently well established to carry the mental pictures formed in the reader's mind to the mind of the sleeper and to induce the dream.

BOOKS ADDED TO LIBRARY

*New Books

| | <i>Cat. No.</i> | <i>Published</i> |
|--|-----------------|------------------|
| *BRUNTON, PAUL. "The Inner Reality" | 568 | 1939 |
| SWAFFER, HANNEN. "Northcliffe's Return" (New Ed.) | | 1939 |
| *VERNON-WORSLEY, L. S. "Psychical Forces and You" | 3164 | 1939 |
| *WAITE, SPENCE and SWAINSON. "Three Famous Alchemists" | 3229 | 1939 |
| *WYDENBRUCK, COUNTESS NORA. "The Para-normal" | 3319B | 1939 |

Books Received for Review

- Bozman, E. F. THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN. (Dent & Sons. 7/6 net.)
 Newton, Bertha. MY LIFE IN TIME. (C. W. Daniel. 7/6 net.)
 Porter, Francis, S., M.A. THE HAPPY MEDIUM. (Stockwell. 2/-.)
 Swaffer, Hannen. NORTHCLIFFE'S RETURN. (Psychic Press. 4/6.)
 Waite, A. E., Lewis Spence and W. P. Swainson. THREE FAMOUS ALCHEMISTS. (Rider & Co. 5/- net.)
 Brunton, Paul. THE INNER REALITY. (Rider. 12/6.)
 Fox, Oliver. ASTRAL PROJECTION. (Rider. 5/-.)

VISIONS OF THE DAWN

[A.S., who is a member of the I.I.P.I. has given me permission to print several of her dream experiences, and I am glad to do so, for these and others which she hopes to publish shortly in a book, are both beautiful and significant and reflect her own spiritual insight. She has already published two charming booklets, *Religion and Poetry*, a lecture given before a Poetry Society, and *Airs of Morning*, thoughts from a Spiritual Manna Gatherer, received during meditation, which can be obtained from the Two Worlds Publishing Co. Manchester.—ED.]

"These strange dreams," says A.S., "which I have called Visions of the Dawn, because I always dreamt them in the early part of the morning, are written down exactly as I recalled them and have not been written up in any way. They need no Master-Mind to interpret them, they surely carry with them their own interpretation."

(One might say of them, as did the writer of Job xxxiii, 15-16. in speaking of similar visions, "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, then he openeth the ears of men and giveth them instruction.") ED.

I

I dreamt I was walking along a lonely way by myself. All at once I saw a large blackboard reared up against a tree-trunk. On the board was written in gold some words in Hebrew, words which I did not understand. I marvelled at the brightness of the gold on the dark background. Thin shafts of gold seemed to shoot from each word in all directions, and I thought that while I stood wishing I could understand the writing, I perceived words underneath them in English, "I am Thine."

II

This can hardly be called a dream.

I had been rather troubled about one of my children. I could not go to sleep soundly for listening to her breathing—the mother-part of me was awake, so to speak. All at once, as I was in a state between sleeping and waking, I heard a voice clear and tender, singing the first verse of the well known hymn,

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise.
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

The whole of these four lines had been sung before I realized it was my own voice that was singing.

Is it a profound truth that when it is night with the body it is day with the quickened spirit—that sleep has released it from duty as it were, that it is then permitted to rise awhile to its native element and join its voice in praise with those that rest not day nor night? It is, I firmly believe, "All Thy works that praise Thee, Thou Lord of Hosts," the least as well as the greatest.

III

THE KING'S GARDEN

In my dream I found myself in a beautiful place full of trees and running water with flowers everywhere. And suddenly there was an Angel standing by me, dressed in a long blue robe with a gold border. I thought I said to her, "What place is this?" She answered, "The King's Garden," and as I looked round I said, "What lovely flowers He has here." "Come with me," she said, "and I will explain them to you. The flowers you see here represent the King's Servants now living upon earth. These splendid lilies are His pride and delight, they are His chaste ones, pure in heart and mind and spirit. These violets which grow so freely all about, stand for His penitent ones. Each morning and evening He bends down and inhales their sweet fragrance with joy unspeakable. These crimson roses are especially dear to Him, they represent His martyred ones. The bright drops upon them are the tears of the Angel of pity, for in every age there are found ways and means to crucify those who are Truth-seekers and Truth-tellers. And there is another flower—where it grows is only known to the King Himself. It does not often bloom, but when it does there is great rejoicing here-about."

"Its name," I said in a low tone.

"Its name," repeated the Angel softly, "Ask your own heart?"

Then I awoke and my heart answered, "A Passion-flower."

IV

LOVE AND LIFE

In this dream I was sitting in a big comfortable arm-chair wearing a light brown woollen "cross-over." And someone

put a beautiful golden-haired baby in my arms. I thought this little child had wanted to come to me for a long time, but I was not willing to have it. And I wondered in my dream how I could have had the heart to refuse it. It nestled up to me lovingly and seemed so glad to be with me. I thought we both went to sleep, a long, long sleep, and that I was old and weary and the child a babe in my arms. But while we both slept, I thought in my dream that a wonderful thing happened; he grew older and I grew younger, and we awoke the same age and both golden-haired and beautiful, and we looked on each other's face with gladness and deep joy. Then he gently took me by the hand, and said in a thrilling voice, "Let us go and seek the Father." Alas! then I awoke.

V

WHO CAN BURY TRUTH?

In this dream I stood watching the desperate efforts of a nude figure to escape out of a deep pit filled nearly to the top with ashes, and as I watched I saw that every time she had nearly struggled free, a fresh load was thrown in out of a huge cart. The menacing rumble of its heavy wheels never ceased for a moment, as fast as one horse with its nodding head and straining sides, discharged its load, another appeared with a fresh one. All at once I saw a great Angel with a shining naked two-edged sword in his right hand. He went towards the pit, and held it out to the one who was striving to free herself from the stifling ashes, and the one in the pit looked at the sharp two-edged sword and then at the fresh load almost upon her. Suddenly she grasped the sword with both hands and was drawn up out of the pit just in time to escape being overwhelmed again. Then in my dream, the Angel rose up with the dripping sword in his hand and cried in a loud voice, "Who can bury Truth?"

I awoke and my own hands were smarting and tingling in sympathy with the one I had just left, wounded, soiled, naked but free.

NOTES BY THE WAY

The first programme of the Institute under the new auspices has been received with appreciation both by members and visitors, and the audiences, whether at the weekly public lectures on Wednesday evenings or at the many other gatherings have been excellent. Such speakers as the Hon. Ralph Shirley, Mr. G. N. W. Tyrrell, Dr. L. Benoit, Capt. H. Bland, Mrs. Phoebe Payne, Mr. Eric Cuddon, Col. Rivers-Moore, Baron Palmstierna and the Rev. Leslie Belton, should never be missed for a hearing, for they are men and women keeping abreast with their own particular subject and have something valuable to give their hearers.

The Tuesday Discussion Teas, with fare in lighter vein, provided happy intercourse and conversation.

* * * *

Original features were provided by the Monday evening Educational Talks to encourage more consecutive study; Herbert Bland's course on Psychometry and Mrs. Barker's series of teachings by her Hindu guide were excellent.

To Mrs. Barkel our thanks are particularly due for she most kindly made these talks possible out of a very busy life and gave them as a gift to the Institute.

Yogi Vithaldas again demonstrated his remarkable postures and on his second visit answered questions put to him on Yogi methods. Dr. Hector Munro was another welcome speaker.

The Philosophical Teachings from the 'Controls' of Mrs. John Richardson and Mr. P. Annan aroused the greatest interest.

One member who has had long contact with China and is a student of the Chinese classics speaks most highly of the addresses given by 'Wong,' Mr. Annan's control, and finds the teaching harmonious with the tenets of Taoism.

The next programme will be equally full of interesting events.

* * * *

Visiting and London mediums have been busy both in groups and with private appointments during the term, three classes for psychic development were held and will be continued next term. Mr. Sharplin's Healing activities, and his Clinic on Mondays have given constant help to sufferers and should be remembered by all in need of such. The new Healing room is a pleasant spot, and with the beautiful Chinese furnishings which Mrs. Robinson has kindly allowed us to retain, presents a familiar aspect.

* * * *

There have been many necessary alterations at Walton House to meet the larger membership. These are now nearly complete and make the beautiful house a most commodious centre. The large Library is finely housed in one of the spacious halls, and there is a

retired corner in the gallery for those who wish to make use of the Reference Library. The whole is under the care of Mrs. Taylor, the Hon. Librarian, and Miss Ohlson, a new member of the staff.

A new Séance room has been constructed with much thought for the particular experimental work it is hoped to carry out.

In the Office, Mrs. Greenfield, the Organizing Secretary, is available for interviews with members or others, and with the help of Mrs. Dundas and Miss Russell Scott, many visitors have been seen, and opportunities made for the testing of the psychic gifts of new sensitives, a feature which the Institute particularly wishes to foster.

In the general office staff we retain Miss Tufnell, from the I.I.P.R., and Miss Marshall from the staff of the B.C.P.S. We have had to part with Mrs. Smith (Miss Key) for domestic reasons, and do so with the greatest regret. Mrs. Kelly has given yeoman service during this time of transition, and continues to do so in her responsible position as our Hon. Treasurer. I mention all these workers at this time by name so that members may know whom they will meet when they visit Walton House. It is the desire of all to provide the warmest welcome and assistance, and members must make themselves known to the staff.

* * * *

A special feature was introduced in the programme on January 26th when Tahra Bey, the Mahommedan Fakir, visited the Institute, and before a large audience, demonstrated his ability under a cataleptic condition, to endure heavy blows upon a great stone laid upon his body. This was followed by the insertion of steel skewers in various parts of his body, some inserted by members of the audience. He seemed to experience no pain, smiling and joking during the demonstration. No marks or blood were seen when the skewers were withdrawn. A bed of sharp nails was provided but the fakir found that he could not prolong the state to use it. Two doctors present took his pulse while in this condition and found a pulse of 120 in one wrist and 108 in the other.

A Telepathic demonstration of some interest followed.

* * * *

Mr. Snaebjörn Jónsson an Icelandic member, writes of his work in that country in continuation of that of the late Dr. Haraldur Nielsson. He has a fine library which he keeps up to date with the newest publications and possesses a file of PSYCHIC SCIENCE. In November last, the University organized a public gathering in commemoration of Dr. Nielsson. A Lecture Foundation in his name has been created by the university for the purpose of inviting distinguished foreign lecturers. Dr. Nielsson was a member of the B.C.P.S., and visited London many times for purposes of experimentation.

The Icelandic Society for Psychical Research recently held its twentieth anniversary. The University will place at its disposal

for fortnightly meetings, a hall in the new University building, which it is expected will be completed in 1940.

* * * *

The legal case, *Fodor v. Psychic Press Ltd.* and others, which came before the High Court, King's Bench Division, in the first days of March, resulted in the jury finding for Dr. Nandor Fodor, the former R.O. of the I.I.P.R., on two of the four articles under dispute and awarded him fifty guineas damages in each. They found for the defendants on the other two articles. Mr. K. E. Shelley, K.C., a member of the Institute, acted as Counsel for Dr. Fodor. Among those who were called as witnesses were Mr. W. T. L. Becker, Mr. C. V. C. Herbert, R.O., of the S.P.R., Mr. J. Arthur Findlay, Mr. Shaw Desmond, Mr. A. W. Austen and Mrs. Estelle Roberts and others. The case had a fair Press and though we may regret that it had to come before the courts at all some good may result in drawing the attention of the public to the fact that there is such a centre as the Institute for the conduct of psychic investigation on experimental lines.

* * * *

The attention of the public is also being called to psychic facts in a striking way through the stage. No less than three plays were running in London in March which had for their theme the possibility of survival after death. "Outward Bound" was finely presented at Hammersmith, recalling its success in 1926. "The Mother," the last play by Karl Capek, is in a sadder vein dealing with the reactions to death of the bereaved, and is finely conceived, while "Johnson over Jordan," by J. B. Priestley, deals with the immediate after-death conditions of the ordinary man.

* * * *

In *John O'London's Weekly* for March 3rd and 10th, Mr. S. G. Soal and Mr. Harry Price present some welcome positive views on their psychic experiences. The latter advocates a nation-wide test to discover general sensitivity as demonstrated by Dr. Dhine in U.S.A.; some similar tests in England have not been conclusive. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves."

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(Not acknowledged in January issue.)

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE PARA-NORMAL (A Study in Psychic Research).

By Countess Nora Wydenbruck. (Rider 5/- net.)

Countess Wydenbruck, the author of that charming book, *An Austrian Background*, has, in the present volume, expanded the brief notes regarding her psychic interests given in that book. During the intervening years she has kept in close touch with psychic study in England and she is a member of the Research Committee of the International Institute for Psychic Investigation. Her first approach to psychic matters was through a home circle with an amateur medium, a friend of her own. In this circle they were fortunate to have as a guide one called 'Nell,' who not only produced remarkable physical phenomena under conditions completely satisfying to the small circle of friends, but, when their interest was sufficiently aroused, he proceeded to instruct them in a philosophy of life which has stood the test of severe vicissitudes of fortune. The circle, an Austrian one, had heard of Frau Maria Silbert's famous control 'Nell,' and of the phenomena experienced with that medium. Similar occurrences took place in their own circle, but when they came to question 'Nell,' as to his identity with the Silbert control, they were answered that "Everyone has the 'Nell' in whom he believes." On another occasion he answered, "Think of me as the Spirit of Man, which has been sent to help you." I wonder if the question was ever put in Frau Silbert's circle, and if so what the reply was!

'Nell's' guidance in material affairs when necessary, and his wisdom, far beyond that of the sitters, is characteristic of both circles, so too is his insistence on his 'mission' in both, but, though I knew the Silbert 'Nell' very well, I cannot remember the puckish behaviour he often showed in the later group. But as to how a medium and a circle may modify a communicator and even a guide we have still much to learn. The time came when 'Nell' intimated to this amateur group that he must go, his work with them was done. There seemed no reason for this on the side of the circle, which received the ultimatum with deep sadness. As on other historic psychic occasions they felt they had lost touch with their wisest friend. How does such a withdrawal of cherished guidance square with the idea that all 'guides' are but subconscious creations, which by all known laws we should hug ever closer to our bosoms?

Voice phenomena has had a special attraction for our author, and, with Etta Wreidt in Ireland, she received communications in several languages and dialects with the correct nuances suitable to the given communicator. With a London private medium fine results were also forthcoming. In the course of the years the Countess has developed some psychic power of her own and she possibly contributes some force when sitting with mediums, which ensures good results.

Mental mediumship has not been neglected in her research, and she pays a special tribute to Hester Dowden for outstanding help received. The author was a friend of the Austrian poet, Rainer Maria Rilke, and before his early death had told him of her psychic experiences, knowing that he had his own knowledge of these matters. In reply she received one of the most beautiful and remarkable letters ever penned, a letter which is given in this book. After his death she had the desire to translate into English some of his fine Elegies, and having completed a number she was greeted one day at a Dowden sitting, with a message from Rilke, saying that he wished her to bring her translations of his poems when she sat with the medium alone and read them aloud, so that he might make corrections if necessary. This was done and, time and again, more suitable or more expressive words were suggested, never words of Latin derivation which he avoided, and she had to confess that the translations were subtly improved by this help, help which was beyond the normal power of Mrs. Dowden to give. When this work was done Rilke appeared no more; his work for the moment was done, "I have been warned not to come again until the call is given me." Again as in the case of 'Nell' a deliberate withdrawal of contact.

I have heard of other-side communicators correcting scripts dictated by them, but it is surely a unique occurrence for a poet to return to correct earthly translations of his works.

The author has made a fine contribution to psychic knowledge in putting her observed facts before us and in telling us too of their influence upon her life. She is convinced that she has been on many occasions in touch with those who have survived death. Something of themselves has rung true, and if sometimes she could have wished for more complete assurance I consider that she has been fortunate beyond many in her findings. This book deserves a large sale.

B.McK.

SEPARATE STAR

By Francis Foster. (Gollancz. 12/6.)

How many autobiographies appear which give hints of supernatural experiences on the part of the author, and record too the influence of these upon the life! Probably many writers still keep quiet over such matters for one reason or another. The author of *Separate Star* tells, in the course of experiences in business life and during the War, of several clairvoyant experiences which opened his eyes to things beyond the five-sense experience. Then in India, he meets a mystic and seer whose words elucidate and in some degree foreshadow his path. The Roman church claims him, but remembering the mystic's point of view he becomes a priest in the Nestorian church—working in a small community, supporting himself by writing and seeking only to serve his fellow man.

It is the story of a pilgrimage.

B.McK.

PSYCHICAL FORCES AND YOU

By Louis S. Vernon-Worsley. (Messrs. Fowler. 7/6 net.)

The author of the above has found an interesting title for his effort and covers a wide field of psychic experience. He is a practising psycho-therapist, and readers of this journal will remember an interesting article from his pen, "Ultra-Physical Agency and its suggested connection with Mental Disturbance and Crime," which appeared in the issue of October of last year. This important aspect is dealt with in this volume and we could have wished it had been further expanded out of the author's wide practical experience.

Mr. Vernon-Worsley is also himself an excellent psychometrist, a gift which he has used for useful ends.

He combats the views of the orthodox psychologists as to the function of the brain, "It is only a glorified accumulator, and does not contain any intelligence," and quotes Prof. McDougall, "The brain is the great convergence field for signals." He holds that the last word, on the functions of the mind, will come from the accepted study of psychic forces.

Many interesting articles which have appeared in psychic journals, selected, and from the author's pen, make the book a readable one for the student interested in psychic functioning which may contribute to the alleviation of some of the ills of humanity not fully met by ordinary medical and psychological treatment.

B.McK.

CREEDS IN CONFLICT

By Rev. Leslie Belton. (Messrs. Dent. 6/-.)

A witty Frenchman once said "England possesses a hundred sects but only one Sauce."—The author of this book *Creeds in Conflict* has found forty-nine different sects in our midst with one "sauce," Unity of aim.

At first sight it might appear that unity was conspicuous by its absence and the variety of sects here described need some careful and discriminating treatment. For the extremes of the Fundamentalist and the serene visionary tenets of the Bahais would appear to the casual observer or the orthodox Christian as devoid of mutual unity. Mr. Belton is himself a member of the Council of the General Association of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches and has evidently made an exhaustive pilgrimage from an early orthodoxy to his present Universalism. For him the acid test of true Religion is complete tolerance and even in cases where one can readily imagine his tolerant spirit has been sorely strained, he shows no sign of impatience or sharp criticism, which makes his work wholly valuable. He quotes Ouspensky's trenchant observation that "If there is no idea of Revelation, there is no Religion . . . the result is not religion but bad philosophy," and the following passage completes the idea, "If spiritual decadence leads to division and strife, spiritual enlightenment leads, always and inevitably, to a realization of the fundamental oneness of the reality behind all

religious forms." And this truth which the discursive intellect uneasily grasps, the spiritual genius always knows. "I have found that it is the same God towards whom all are directing their steps though along different paths"—said Ramakrishna—"the Substance is one under different names and everyone is seeking the same Substance; nothing but climate, temperament and name vary—let each man follow his own path. If he sincerely and ardently desires to know God, peace be unto him! He will surely realize Him."

Mr. Belton's attitude to Spiritualism is in line with all that he feels about other movements and he makes some very useful and well-considered suggestions to Spiritualists as a body. Personally he is convinced of survival and says—"In my judgment, the available evidence is so strong that I cannot see how an unbiased student who examines it can fail to admit its weight."

He seems to feel that the séance-room alone is not sufficiently satisfactory as offering irrefutable evidence and he values above all the theory and proof of the Etheric body which he considers provides by far the most impressive evidence of individual survival. He says "the Etheric body provides the missing link in the process of transition from incarnate to ex-carnate life. Life after death—no longer a matter for conjecture or faith, becomes a demonstrated fact——"

He has no use for the pseudo-scientist who belittles the evidence of psychic researchers, or the churches who condemn the entire movement as being of the devil—He devotes much of his attention to the claims of the various bodies within the Spiritual movement which he describes finally as "A League of Religions in itself."

The first chapter in this admirable volume saves it from being a mere criticism of various beliefs and indeed redeems it from its title of "Creeds in Conflict"—for Mr. Belton is no fighter. His foundations are sure and strong but his attitude is not militant and the pervading spirit of the book is expressed in describing the self-responsible man and woman, "Who will draw on the spiritual wealth of every teacher whose words reveal to him a truth he can grasp, an insight he can apprehend and whose tone of authority he dare not deny." Such a man will hold, with August Sabatier, "that only their external idols divide men into opposing camps. In proportion as they plumb their being and descend into their spiritual nature, they discover the same altar, recite the same prayer, aspire to the same end—*Fellowship!* that is the final word."

E.M.J.

GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS

By W. H. Salter. (Bell & Sons. 3/6 net.)

This is another book, by a well-known authority, in the Psychical Research series which has done such useful work in making the well-verified records of the S.P.R. available to the general reader. It seems to be a paying proposition with certain newspapers at the moment to publish stories of strange visitations, but, for lack of the necessary following up, such stories have little value except to the narrator. In

Mr. Salter's book this lack is supplied by confirmatory evidence sifted as thoroughly as may be.

The survey in such a small compass is wide and new readers may well be astonished at the variety of the manifestations recorded. Ghosts of the living as well as of the dead are well verified and there can be indications of the presence of ghostly visitors without any visual sight. Are we awake or in a kind of dream state when we see ghosts or sense them? If fully awake why do not two percipients always register the same details?

These apparitions seem to have a reason for coming in many cases. Warnings of disaster or illness, guidance on family affairs, sometimes a concern by the ghost himself as to the conditions of the resting place of his body, or to express annoyance that some declared wish of his has not been carried out. These ghosts can sometimes be very definite and as if carrying the full-bodied intelligence of the said individual. Why do they come clothed in the dress of their lifetime often striking surprise or fear into the heart of the one who unexpectedly sees them? Why cannot they be satisfied to send a telepathic or dream message as to their wishes? Surely in many cases there is clear evidence of a determination to express their personality again in the mortal likeness.

Mr. Salter answers some of these queries but decides to leave the question an open one as to how much of the surviving personality is concerned in such manifestations. One chapter on Poltergeist mediumship might have been expanded into a book such is the wealth of matter available on one aspect alone.

B.McK.

THE TEACHINGS OF SILVER BIRCH

Edited by A. W. Austen. (The Psychic Press Ltd. 3/6 net)

In his foreword to this little volume, Mr. Hannen Swaffer states that 'Silver Birch' is the spirit guide of his own home circle. "'Silver Birch,'" he writes, "is a teacher. He does not heal. He seldom gives evidential messages." Accordingly, it is by his teachings he must be judged. There has recently been a flood of "teachings," good, bad and indifferent, purporting to come from the other side, and I consider that in this connection the warning contained in the editor's note to this volume is extremely opportune. I will quote from it: "These teachings are not put forward as the infallible utterances of a being possessed of all wisdom. It is not the object of spirit intercourse that we should denude ourselves of the critical faculty and accept blindly the words of another, whether in this world or the next." These are words of wisdom and should always be borne in mind by students of psychic matters. With this reservation, it is clear that 'Silver Birch' has much to say of significance to our chaotic modern world. The great value of service to our fellow men is stressed; and who can doubt that this law must be applied to a far greater extent if this precariously balanced civilization is to survive.

V.A.